PR 4705
.F313
T5
Copy 1

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. PR 4705

Shelf F313T5

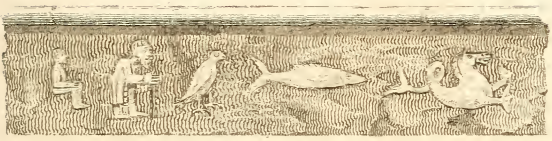
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Thaumaturgus

by

Ryric Ziolki Pridrurz

Patrick Vincent Fitzpatrick



Hieroglyphic Inscription from the Temple of Minerva at Sais.

INTERPRETATION

All ye who come into the world, and all ye who go out of it, know this, that the Gods hate Impudence.

1871

LONDON;

PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN, REES, ORME AND Co.

AND RICHARD MILLIKEN & SON DUBLIN.

1828.

PR4705
.F313 T5

IN AID

OF THE LAUDABLE EFFORTS

WHICH

"THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE"

IS AT THIS MOMENT MAKING,

"To render Science domestic and familiar, and to emancipate her from the trammels of Scholarship,"

THIS CATALOGUE (*non*) RAISONNÉ

OF "ESSENTIALS"

IS CONDESCENDINGLY CONTRIBUTED,

BY

Thaumaturgus.

Given in *my* "Patmos," on the 445th Day of the *Second "Year of Confusion."

---

* The First is known to have been 46 A. C.

Printed by Bentham & Hardy.

ADVERTISEMENT.

"*Dove Diavolo, Messer Ludovico, avete pigliate tante coglionerie!*" was the jocular apostrophe of Cardinal Hippolito D'Este to Ariosto, who had inscribed the Orlando to his Eminence. The Hero of this performance, assuming to be sublimed above the level of humanity, concedes to his Readers full permission to apply to it, in every modification of paraphrase, the interrogatory of the Cardinal. They may freely ask, "Where the Devil, Master (Thaumaturgus), have you helped yourself to so many absurdities?" He can felicitously reply, adopting the subtle and convenient distinction of the Schools, "Varlets! these things are not *contrary* to reason, but *above* it."

To be serious and historical: This most whimsical farrago of "all such reading as has ne'er been read" was compiled and reduced to doggrel at different intervals, some years since.

It owes its origin to an attempt to sustain, at a Civic Masquerade in Dublin, the character of a kind of literary Munchausen, when to render the representation intelligible *(lucus a non —)* a few of the less abstruse allusions to the marvellous, were hastily grouped together.—The Writer was subsequently induced to mispend some sleepless hours, in conjuring up, from the *Limbus* of a memory fatally tenacious of the odd and useless, the "visions of many dreamers," and associating them with certain grotesque phantasms of his own. Thus has the fugitive extravaganza been shadowed out to the proportions of a book, which it was his first intention to have thrown into the world as a literary puzzle, "ungarnished with references." Indeed, to have supplied satisfactory illustrations *seriatim*, would almost require a "re-union" of the Variorum Annotators. A comparatively small number of notes, derived from recollection, or the most obvious sources, have, however, been added, while the sheets were passing through the press. As he cannot afford to have his sanity impeached, the Writer, in conclusion, exclaims with Paul before Festus, Οὐ *μαίνομαι*—"I AM NOT MAD!"

Thaumaturgus.

"*Tot mysteria quot puncta, tot arcana quot apices.*"
Possevini.

——————— "*ament meminisse periti.*"

To his excellent friend
James Fitzgerald
from the Author

TO THE

Slaves of the Universal Passion.

"Young's universal passion—*Pride*,
Was never known to spread so wide."—SWIFT.

The Challenge.

VAIN VARLETS!

Con the scrolls of time,
And search each sublunary clime:
Condensing—soon as ye explore all—
Your powers, both physical and moral.
Through hosts of heroes Fame may roll ye on,
From th' Hunkiar* Genghis to Napoleon;
Foiled there—midst living lights ye *may* go
From †Petowack to Terr' Fuego;

* *Manslayer.*
† Capital of the Arctic regions.

Scan your whole braggart brood, and *I* bet
That none from Tombuctoo to Tibet,
Sibir to Spain—Tobolsk to Burgos,
Shall dare compete with THAUMATURGUS,
Who recreates him in achieving
Deeds, which some dolts deem past believing.

Quite as an *Improvvisatore,*
I give this fragment of my story;
Spurn dates and order with impunity,
And laugh at quantity and unity.
These sketches, autoschediastic,
Thrown off in rhyme, hight Hudibrastic,—
Fools, boasting *five,* not blest with *one* sense,
Will damn, as concentrated nonsense.
Not *Trismegistus'** pond'rous pile
Of folios—they'd enrampart Lisle;

* He wrote 36,525 Books.— *Manetho—Class. Jour.* Origen produced 6,000.—*Lardner.*

Origen's tomes conjoined to *that* again,
The Books of *Memphis*, and the *Vatican*,
(From *Memphis* Homer filch'd the Odysseys,*)
With *Omar's* holocaust of Codices,†
Could publish, of my awful actions,
More than a few inferior fractions.

Stupendous Learning.

Were sheets of fair papyrus curl'd
Round the vast vault that ceils the World,
While Ocean rolled from brink to brink
One broad, unfathomed, tide of ink,

* Naucrates accuses Homer of having stolen the Iliad and Odyssey out of books in the Library of Memphis, now Cairo.—*Peignot.* This charge is disposed of elsewhere, in referring to Pere Hardouin's Theory.

† The Alexandrian Library.

'Twould not suffice—if Jews speak true—
To tell what Eliezir knew ; *
He wrote—sad shelf that such huge *book* cumbers—
Three thousand rules for curing cucumbers.
Let, now, these ample scrolls be bent
O'er all the eclips'd firmament—
Bid every sea become a *Black* sea,
Then, place a Scribe on Cotapaxi,
Your best of stenographic Men,
And arm him with Allatius' pen,†
Wherewith *(unnibb'd)* that Scholiast Sage
Scrawled German-Greek, through half an age—
The Scribe, on Andes' rock-built ridge,
In short-hand may compress, abridge,
Squander his temper, time, and skill—
Wear to a stump that stubborn quill—

* "If the firmament were converted into vellum, and the ocean into ink it would not be sufficient to describe what Rabbi Eliezir knew. He indited 3,000 precepts respecting the management of cucumbers."—Gregoire.

† Allatius used one pen for 50 years.

While with the whirling globe he turns,
Exhausting ocean's inky urns,
He'll prove those vast materials vain;
The sheeted sphere could scarce contain
(Though crammed with cyphers to each scroll edge)
Brief rubrics, to my world of knowledge.

My Origin.

Man's information vague and scant is
Of my proud country, the Atlantis;
Though th' Ancients fill'd its ports with squadrons,
It lies *incog.* to swaggering Moderns,
And off its northern naze, Perouse,*
Blundering on breakers, closed his cruise.

* If he was not cast away there, where else could he have been cast away?

You ask its bearings, and its seas:
South of those isles, some few degrees,
Where—famed for their productions puzzling—
Willows bear nuts, each nut a gosling,
And Soland geese, in guise of fruit,
Hang ripening from each loaded shoot.*
These point the track in part, but chief
'Tis mark'd, by that terrific reef
Where storm-tost Heinson's bark erratic†
Was stay'd, by magnets subaquatic.
In that far realm—though strange, 'tis true—
I rose—I was not *born*, but *grew*,
Not e'en begot in the same way as
Famed Appollonius Thyaneus,

* Fulgosus affirms, that trees, resembling willows, bear at the ends of their branches small balls, containing the embryo of a duck, which hangs by the bill, and when ripe falls into the sea, and takes to its wings.—See Buffon, &c.

† "Mogens Heinson, one of the early Northern Navigators, asserted that the progress of his vessel was arrested by loadstone rocks, under the water, off the coast of Greenland."—Quar. Rev. Oct. 1817.

Betwixt a Wench and Salamander,
(Parents just fit for Alexander,)
I own nor Mother, Sire, nor Coz;
Nature evolved me from a Luz,*
Which long in *pupa* state enshrined
The elements of Form and Mind.

Precocity.

Fame blazons loud the pow'rs precocious
Of Chritchton, Heineken,† and Grotius,

* The seed from which, according to the Jews, the body is to be reproduced. It is described as a bone, in shape like an almond, that can neither be broken, consumed, nor dissolved.—Luz an sit os vertebrarum, an vero sesamoideum in pede dubitatur. Steph. Blancard Lexic. Med.

† Born in Lubeck in 1721. He had acquired a complete knowledge of the Scriptures at 14 months old, and was esteemed an excellent classical and science scholar in the fourth year

The second, ere his months reached *twenty*, took
Long learned lectures in the Pentateuch:
And when his fragile clock of life
Had struck the little age of five,
With aptness premature, he ran on
Through codes of Civil Law and Canon:
Gulped mathematics, mixed and pure, up;
But ere th' expecting hand of Europe
The fruit thus early blown could gather, ah!
He died of literary plethora.
Let Lubeck's gossips talk with tremor, on
This lost illustrious Ephemeron.—
Judge of Mankind's amaze, when first
Upon the wondering world I burst!
My eyes, full-orb'd, reflected bright
Young intuition's lively light;
Keen as a Calmuck's, too, whose glance,
Along the treeless *Steppes* expanse

of his age. He died at the age of five. His Life was published in 2 vols. by Martini, in 1730.

Descries the foemen's motley files,
Still distant five long German miles,
Gauging their squadron's breadth and bulk,
He shews the *Hetman*, names the *Pulk*,
And tells what chiefs, in each battalion,
Are horsed on gelding, mare, or stallion.

Mere man, in this benighted time,
Is deemed a mocking-bird—a mime;
No heritor of speech, but catches
The *patois* of his nurse by snatches;
Mar but his ear's sound-seizing drum,
Babe, boy, and adult, he lives dumb.
Say, ye sophisticated fools,
Deep read in all, save Nature's, schools,
Why hath not History's noontide light,
Chased these dull dreams of mental night?
A brace of Kings—sooth-searching sages—
Reigning in different realms and ages,

One a shrewd Scot, and one a *Phrygian,* has
Proved language to mankind indigenous!
The first —the story is Pitcairn's—*
Placed, with a tongue-tied nurse, two "*bairns*"
In a lone isle, and lowly cot,
Tabooing then the sea-girt spot,
Till, nature-taught, the hermit-boys
Proved words to co-exist with voice,
And call'd for *crowdy* to the Crone, in
Hebrew, unmixed with Babylonian:
And of that dialect purely known
To Heber's holy house alone.†

* He says, that two male infants were placed with a deaf and dumb nurse, in the island of Inchkeith, to ascertain whether man spoke naturally an articulate language, and if so, what that language was:—the result is stated to have been as described. Psammeticus, the Phrygian, made the same experiment.—Herodotus.

† The family of Heber, not having been concerned in the building of Babel, were, it is said, permitted to preserve the Hebrew language in its purity during the confusion.—Prideaux. Connections. Jenning's Jewish Antiq.

The next King, at an earlier era,
For the same end, resolved to rear a
Suckling Babe with a *sourde muette*
Nurse; and, as the bantling grew, it
Shewed the point similarly solved—
The oral organs soon evolved;
And the emphatic noun that broke
From his first lispings, when he spoke,
Was—no apostrophe to Jove—
But *beccos*, Phrygian for a *loaf*.
Even here, where moral swaddlings bind
The young developments of mind,—
Like cramping clogs, which, locked to insteps,
Compel the Pekin Belles to *mince* steps,
Frail Fashion's fiat there commanding
Such outrage on the *understanding*,—
Even here, from babe's untutored lips
The dear dissyllable that slips,
In *mamma* blends—so instinct leads it—
The *mother* with *the fount that feeds it*.

So that, in fine, it matters not,
Be the Babe Phrygian, Frank, or Scot,
Or of whatever Clan or Clime,
Set in the ring of Earth, or Time—
Still, in the way of nurture, somewhat
Forms the prime note of Nature's gamut.
Prompt to fulfil her sacred nonce,
No *Infant** I—*I spoke at once;*
Scorn'd Men's mean *cognoms*—CAPET—GUELPH,
Chose and conferred upon myself
(This *my* first locutory *work* was)
The simple "style" of THAUMATURGUS.
Pedants of Cambridge, Oxford, Eton,
Applaud the congruent *epitheton.*
Not Chritchton, Grotius, nor e'en Heineken,
Dare claim precocity to *mine* akin;
Than Lipsius self, I proved astuter, tho'
That Sage philosophized *in utero.*

* Quasi. *In. fari.*

More than *his* acumen—yea, more
Than Belgium's schools can boast of lore,
'Mongst natives, denizens, or aliens,
Was centred in my *punctum saliens*.

I, if by system's slaves beguiled, would
Imprimis tell my feats of childhood;
The Muse, who bows to my behest,
Sings one—tax fancy for the rest.
Oft have grave Jurisconsults shewed
The marvels of that copious code,
Which sways all actions and opinions,
Throughout the *Bogdoi Khan's dominions;
Whose dogmata subdue dispute,
In matters mighty or minute.
Volumes so vast, in stuff and size,
That code fills, that your vulgar eyes,

* *Bogdoi Khan*, the proper style of the Chinese Monarch. —De Lange.

To con mere side-notes to the pages,
Should shine and study through three ages.
Yet, THAUMATURGE, on the first day
He felt the vivifying ray,
When your blind babes would mewl, and scorn book,
Using this huge work as a horn-book,
Through the text *Leu*, the comment *Lee*,*
From TA SING backwards to LEE QUEE,
Preface to finis, marge to marge,
All China's "Statute Laws at large"
Perused with relish, and digested them;
Fo-hi and Confuce framed the best of them!

* The earliest compilation of Chinese laws, found by Sir George Staunton, is that of Lee Quee, who lived 250 years before Christ. The Leu is the fundamental code; the Lee the commentary. The Chinese assert that it would take 300 years to read their body of laws through.

My Boots.

Exempli gratia, how my *gust* stirs!
Ere I'd "*perlustrated two lustres,*"*
I'd pushed my theologic lore on,
Through Edda, Vedam, Talmud, Koran—
The last I loved, maugre its blunders,
Traversed its wilderness of wonders;
It taught, that a colossal Ox,
Firm pedestal'd on Parian blocks,
Pois'd the huge earth upon his back,
As sumpter mule sustains a pack;
Largest of living things, his horn
Caught the first twinklings of the morn,
While his lithe tail, whisk'd free and far,
Caused to nictate the western star.

* Old Jocelyn, the Biographer of St. Patrick, mentioning that his hero was about fifteen years old, uses the phrase "Perlustravit tria lustra," which a recent translator quaintly renders he *perlustrated three lustres.*

Eastward I sped, and with my cutlass
Fell'd at one stroke this vaccine Atlas;
These leathern tubes of ball-proof strength,
Of vast calibre, weight, and length,
JACK-BOOTS, of awful depth, wherein
I'm wont, in war, t' ensconce my shin,
Were diagramm'd upon his side:
And carved out from the reeking hide,
Each glittering sole which 'neath my *fetlock* lays,*
Erst form'd a sandal for Empedocles;*
When Etna spatchcock'd the Philosopher,
His brazen brogues she chose to *toss* over,

* * *Eheu!* Alvary, and Priscian, 'lays' for 'lies.'—*Cockney.*

Cockneys, Catullus proves, were nurs'd in
Old Rome, e'en in her age Augustan.
Arrius as such the Bard impeaches;
Kemble would bid him spare his H's (*aches.*)

DE ARRIO.

"Chommoda dicebat, si quando commoda vellet
Dicere, et hinsidias Arrius insidias,
* * * * * *
Ionios fluctus, postquam illuc Arrius isset
Jam non Ionios esse, sed Hionios."

Catull. Carm. lxxxiv.

As they had posed, beyond all question,
Her ostrich organs of digestion:
Such soles (if damn'd souls could, 'twere well,)
May pace unharm'd the floors of Hell.

I've forged the hob-nails that environ
The heels, from that strange "pig of iron,"
Which on Otumba's *Pampa* lies,
The gaze of philosophic eyes.*
Some think this Alp of ore, to pelt us,
Was thrown unwrought from Nature's smelt-house;
If for the truth you care a button,
Consult La Place, Poisson, and Hutton;
Learn'd Lunatics! they 've, to a fraction,
Defined the Moon's and Earth's attraction;
From them the "flaming fact" you *may* know—
This mass launched from the Moon's volcano,

* One of those masses of meteoric iron, supposed by some philosophers to have been ejected from a volcano in the Moon.

Had there long weltered in a pickle
Of molten sulphur, lime, and nickel;
Earth's "*slough*" at last—I'm geognostic—
May be consumed by "Lunar caustic."

Spurs.

THESE antique Spurs, whose hoops of steel
Peninsulate my clattering heel,
By turns, in Buskin, Boot, or Clog,
Were made for the "man-mountain," GOG;
This goodly ant'diluvian Giant
Had of the Deluge got a *sly* hint,
And—('tis so stated by a Rabbin*)—
Had begg'd a birth in Noah's cabin,

* The Rabbins make the giant Gog, or Magog, contemporary with Noah, and convinced by his preaching, so that he

But could not in that monstrous hulk—
'Tis of his longitude and bulk
A marv'lous, tho' authentic, index—
Lie, sit, stand, kneel, or squat *between* decks;
Like Bacchus, who 's pourtray'd a-straddle
O'er pipe or puncheon, without saddle,
Gog, "*en Cavalier,*" used the Ark as
A cock-horse, to sustain his carcase,
Bestrode its roof, and plunged those rowels
In the vast vessel's yearning bowels;
Maintain'd his seat (in tacks) by *either* leg,
Now by his *lee,* and now his *weather* leg:

was disposed to 'take the benefit' of the Ark. But here lay the distress—it by no means suited his dimensions; therefore, as he could not enter in, he contented himself to ride upon it; and although you must suppose that in stormy weather he was more than "half boots over," he kept his seat, and dismounted safely when the Ark reached Ararat.—*Warburton's Letters.* This same Gog had, according to the Rabbins, a thigh-bone so long, that a stag, pursued by the hunters, employed half a day in running along it.

And thus the Talmud Scribes, who *tell* huge
Stories, swear Gog rode out the Deluge.

Gallygaskins.—Hose.

These Gallygaskins of tough leather,
That guard my loins from wintry weather,
And fit each thigh with so much grace on,
Are the true Ram-skin seized by Jason,
And smuggled, in his stout Armado,
From Colchis—th' ancient *El Dorado*.

Ev'n of the woof used in these Hosen,
Which case, like Irish trowse,* the toes in,

* "Trowse are breeches and stockings, made to sit as close to the body as can be."—Cox's History of Ireland.

The Sister Fates, at my request, half
Supplied from their terrific distaff;
Lachesis, whom my Valet wheedles,
Knit them with Cleopatra's Needles.

Hat.

Barepate Suarrow* started, *shock'd* at
The shape and shadow of my *Cock'd*-hat;
Huge hemisphere of felt—its span is
Like the Rialto's arch, at Venice.
Ceace, Ornithologists, to wonder
At bombast tales of Roc and Condor:
Polo,† who lauds the first, will swear he
Oft bears an El'phant to his eyry;

* The Russian General usually went bare-headed
† Marco.

The latter fowl, at one short luncheon,
Gorges an ox and gulps a puncheon.
The villous sheathing of my bonnet,
And gloomy grove of plumes upon it,
In the fierce Vulture's pairing season,
I ravished from the crest and weason
Of—Rabbins lend your loftiest words—
Barjuchné,* Behemoth of Birds!
When but a flutt'ring eyasmusket,†
Her wings made midnight, ere 'twas *dusk* yet:
Once from her nest a huge egg fell,
Earth shook beneath the shatter'd shell;
Forth gushed a deluge of *albumen*,
Swamping towers, towns, men, brats, and women.
Thus much the turgid Talmud fellows say;
The yelk now forms a sea—the *Yellow* sea.

* The Bird Barjuchné, of the Talmud, covers the sun with its wings displayed. An addle-egg having dropped from its nest, crushed 300 large cedars, and overwhelmed 60 cities.—Gregoire.

† A young bird of prey.

Wig, Queue, and Beard.

Mantling my brows, this peerless Periwig
Is, by authentic proofs, the *very* wig
Made, when such skull-caps were yet rare,
From ill-starr'd Abs'lom's fatal hair.
Happy for him, had it been shorn,
And as a wig thus wove and worn—
He'd purchased life, when trees confined him,
By leaving the peruke behind him.
Alas, "the universal teacher,
Art," had not then supplanted Nature.

Close to my nape the *Queue*'s applied;
There with the Gordian knot 'tis tied;
Sheath'd in Adonis's wild *hog's* tail,
And tufted with that precious dog's tail,
Which Alcibiades, the ninny,
Docked, though the cur cost sixty *minæ*—

Proud that his mutilating *forceps*
Gave table-talk to Attic gossips.*

These horrent bristles, whose fierce patches
Invest my mazard, as mustaches,
Fringing the wrinkles to their *last* row,
Were nourished 'neath the nose of Castro;
Hirsute Hidalgo !—he, we're told,
Prizing his whiskers beyond gold,
Raised, erst, a large loan on these *toopees*,
And pawn'd them for some lacks of rupees.†
The blowzy beard, whose curly copse
Luxuriates round my firm-flesh'd chaps,
Lending an air severe and serious,
Grew on the dewlaps of Papirius,‡

* Plutarch, article Alcibiades.

† John de Castro pledged his whiskers at Goa for £10,000. Baldwin, Prince of Edessa, also pawned his beard for a large sum, and it was afterwards redeemed by his father.—Alaric, by treaty, touched the beard of Clovis, and was thence accounted his Godfather.

‡ Papirius and the other Senators who remained with him at

First Martyr of Rome's captive Senate;
He swore no barber's blade should thin it,
Nor the vile suds of Gaulic tonsor
Baptize, though Brennus' self stood Sponsor.

Neck-Stock.

My circling Neck-stock gives, in sooth,
So tangible a test of truth,
That self-sufficient "sceptic owls,
("Who will not credit their own souls,
"Nor any science understand,
"Beyond the reach of eye and hand—
"But measuring all things by their own
"Knowledge, deem nothing can be known,")

Rome, when the Gauls entered the city, wore very long beards.—Livy, l. v.

Shan't dare to contradict or flout me;
Not stubborn Saadi's* self shall doubt me.
This Stock, with talismanic spring,
Is the *Jadh Morain*—mystic ring; †
'Tis a thin, polished, pliant, cold bar
Of steel—a sort of "moral toll-bar,"
Which, spanning a narrator's nape,
Should any fiction try to 'scape,
Shuts the lungs' turnpike, *en garrotte,*
And gives the lie right in the throat.

Gorget.

This Gorget's brazen frame was torn
From Alexander's wondrous horn,

* "All wisdom consisteth in doubting."—Saadi.

† Keating mentions a miraculous Collar, used to try the integrity of witnesses, which, if it were put round the neck of a person who designed giving a false narrative, continued

Which—more terrifically tonic
Than *Morland's tube stentorophonic,—
Through two Italian leagues a lisp or
Sigh could sibilate or whisper;
E'en of its under tones, the sound
Burst Echo's ear-drum, when 'twas wound.
Where Titan Cheops' dust lies hid
Beneath his Alp-like pyramid,
I, to awake its slumbering tongues,
Mustered my peerless powers of lungs,
Applied the bugle to my *lip* o' days,
Resolved to startle the Antipodes.
The shadow of its mighty cone,
On Egypt's mirage-mirror thrown,
Seemed to the marvelling Mamlouk's view,
As if the Fane of Shoomadoo,

closing till it had either throttled him, or extorted the truth. *Wilkinson's Survey of Ireland.* The Author of the "Memoirs of Captain Rock," transferring the Collar from the witness to the Judge, has made an ingenious use of this fable.

* The inventor of the speaking-trumpet.

From its deep-seated base uptorn,
I'd raised, in mockery of the horn
Feigned as Orlando's thunder-breather,
Which sixty Stentors filled together:
And when (in nautic phrase) I "*blowed*"
In the forgotten "Phrygian mode,"
Furious and fierce, the brazen vast
Owned the old battle-breathing blast,
As if the struggling storms, long pent
In Eol's caverned tenement,
Had (through its rifted roof uphurled)
Burst at one belch upon the world;
Whilst, heading his hoarse-throated host,
The God himself gave up the ghost;
*So, 'midst th' Olympic feats, in sunny days
Of Greece, the liquid-lipp'd Harmonides

* Magnificent specimen of the anticlimax—"Thunder and Timotheus strive for mastery."—Hurricane, earthquake, and explosion, likened to the piping of a warbling fifer.

Exhausted, in his warbling fife,
Th' ethereal aliment of life.
At my first blast, the tube was rent
Right from the mouth-piece to the vent;
'Neath the tornado gust, the land
Heaved its huge hills of living sand,
Whose billows (high as waves of *Noah's* seas)
Swamped Archipelagos of *Oases*—
Gay groups of sand-encircled isles,
Where thirsty Nature deftly smiles,
And flings, rejoicing in her reign,
Her greenest garment on the plain.
The blast from Afric's steaming side
Roll'd back the mighty midland tide,
Whose surges toss'd their daggling spray on
The stars that stud the Empyrean;
The cloud that broods on Etna's crest,
(Like Phœnix on her fiery nest,)
Dishevell'd raised its dusky form,
Then drifted into space—the storm

Shook earth to Genoa's walls, from Gizah;
And, gasping 'gainst the Tow'r of Pisa,
Bent it—(to feet I'm not particular)—
Some fathoms from the perpendicular.

Pipe and Snuff-Box.

Deep as huge *Teutobocchus' "*Chako*," †
The bowl where glows my rare tobacco—
(Whom phthysics teaze not, toil can't tire)—I
Broke from the peak of Dhawal'giri,‡
Earth's newly-known, yet boldest boss,
Which leaps into the clouds two *coss;*

* The skeleton of King Teutobocchus is said to have been found in the year 1613, and to have measured twenty-six feet in length.

† The military cap.

‡ The loftiest of the Himala Mountains, 26,000 feet high.

Its circuit, measured at the base, is
Full half a *crore* of Pundit's paces.*
The Pipe's lip-piece, wherewith I *cram* mouth,
Is the true wise-tooth of a Mammoth,
Culled by my body-servant, Toby,
On the alluvial isles of Oby ;
Its soldering is of molten lava ;
Its tube the Upas-tree of Java—
That tree, whene'er I visit, grows gay ;
I wear its blossoms as a nosegay.

Sol, at th' Equator, crack'd (no *small* nut)
Earth's shell—like shell of roasted wallnut ;
I probed the centre's depth infernal,
And scooped my Snuff-Box from the kernel,
Which fills that dark, deep-seated valley—
('Tis the "magnetic Pole" of Halley) ;

* Frazer's Journey.

The spheric mass of loam and rock
Ne'er suffered such convulsive shock
Since Adam made Eve bone of *his* bone—
It caused the earthquake that razed Lisbon.

Watch.—Its Sonnette.

My Watch, a true antique, was plann'd,
And fashioned by that Artist's hand,
Who framed in Basle the cozening chime
Which once, by antedating time,
Parried the foeman's fix'd attack,
And saved the town from storm and sack.*

* Basle was to have been assaulted by the French, when the town clock struck one at night. The artist who had the care of the clock, coming to a knowledge of the signal, made the chimes strike the hour of two instead of one; and the ene-

Still, at the hoax, an arch automaton
Winks (jeering wag!) the steeple's *summit* on—
Lolls his loose tongue, by secret screws held,
In mockery of the Gaul bamboozled.

Of Memnon's form, the voiceless wreck stands
Wallowing, like giant quagg'd in quicksands.
Time was, when the reviving ray
Of orient or departing day,
Athwart those marble features thrown,
Call'd forth a deep and dulcet tone.*

my, imagining that they had arrived too late, relinquished the attempt.—The clocks of the town have continued, since that event, to go an hour faster than elsewhere—and a head which lolls its tongue out deridingly, with its face turned towards the road by which the enemy retreated, is referred to as confirming this tale.

* Humbolt was informed that sounds like those of an organ were heard at sunrise from the granite rocks on the banks of the Oroonoko, produced, he supposes, by the difference of temperature between the external air and that contained in the crevices.—Jomard heard at sunrise, in a monument at Karnak,

One glance—I was my own espial—
Proved that broad bust was erst a Dial;
Its cheeks the field—its nose the *gnomon*—
Such nose might Mahomet well *roam* on;*
I probed its apex, and there found
The latent principle of sound,
Which, seized to make my Watch completer,
Rings as *sonnette* to my Repeater.

Flask.

My Powder-flask, for war or sport, is
Made from th' *exuviæ* of the Tortoise,

a noise resembling a strong breathing. This is supposed to explain the tones of the statue of Memnon.

* Mahomet is said to have travelled over Allah's nose during ninety days, while receiving the revelations of the Koran.

That once 'twixt Eagle's pounces squeaked,
Thence fell, while all Parnassus shrieked;
For the squab reptile, mailed in horn,
Crushed pale Melpomené's eldest born.
So Pallas shriek'd, when the proud power
Of Venice* hurled war's iron shower
O'er Athens, and one impious shell
On her time-honour'd temple fell,
Shivered the dome, attain'd the *hearth* anon,
Then roll'd and ravaged the proud Parthenon,
Pitting with cavities, like pigeon-holes,
The busts of Phidias's originals.
Your mortar-shells are used to thump roofs;
My Tortoise proved Bards' skulls no bomb-proofs—
Breaching the horn-work of his head,
It struck old Æschylus stark dead.

* Under Morosini.

Hints to Nature.

I MIGHT—it is not in *reproof* meant—
Help Nature's sage self to improvement:
Thus man's first masticators, '*whilk*' teeth
(*Whilk* 's which in Scottish) we call "*milk* teeth,"
By my suggestion should survive
To life's half-*way*-house, thirty-five;
Then sapp'd by mercury, mined by sweets,
Carious from tartar or hot meats,
While they in gradual tontine drop,
A second, as substantial, crop
Should on the gum's red esplanade
Renew the bony balustrade.
Again: were from hard knocks his *shin* saved,
Man would be from a load of *sin* saved,
Twitch but that painful spot, alas! he'll
Curse like a Roman planting Basil.

Of Nature's journey-work corrector,
I give a simple shin protector,
Let her, when fabricating *more* legs,
Place all men's calves upon their *fore* legs;
To save the shin, each calf, placed *thus* on,
Will form a most commodious cushion.

Deeds of Deglutition.

To prove, in brief, my powers surprising
Of guzzling and of gormandizing,
Here's an example—who can match it?
I'll eat a Mammoth—if you'll catch it.
Take, redolent of turf, and flowing
From the sly stills of Innishowen,
Of pure Poteen—nectareous stuff,
Sweet as stolen kisses—*quantum suff*

To qualify, to make Hell merry,
The DEVIL'S deep PUNCH BOWL* kept in Kerry.
Sweetners and Spoons are call'd for quick—lo!
Toss the twin "SUGAR LOAVES OF WICKLOW"†
In the strong tide—together screw
Of Ireland's TOW'RS‡ the tallest two,
Hollow and high, nought ranks before 'em,
To form a muddler for the jorum.
That bowl—that plumbless pond of punch,
Meet diluent to my Mammoth lunch,
The crater'd hill can scarce contain it,
Still—if you'll hand it me—I'll drain it.

* A Lake near the summit of Mangerton Mountain, County Kerry, which the natives pretend to be unfathomable.—Bushe says, "this pool being supplied by an inexhaustible spring, may be, and was consequently, compared to the bowl of punch round which a party was assembled, into the bottom of which Satan inserted an invisible spring, imperceptibly recruiting the continued decrease of the liquor within."

† Two mountains, so called, forming very striking features in the scenery of Wicklow.

‡ The Round Towers.

The Angling.

Fishing Gear.

In those dread days, when news ran *wholly* on
The means and measures of Napoleon,
I left mad Europe to its wrangling,
And went in peaceful mood an angling.
My Rod, a trunk of giant girth,
The nursling of volcanic earth,*
Was "*forced*" 'midst Bronté's lava grottos—
Red Etna served it as a hot-house,
Its hollowed stem received of yore
Brydone, Recupero, and Hoare,

* The great "Chesnut Tree of a hundred horses," growing on Mount Etna.

Queens, Quidnuncs, Bandits, and their horses;
Those who took notes, these who took purses,
Here crack'd their bottles, and its *best* nuts,
And made this monarch tree of chesnuts,
" *Di cento cavalli Castagno,*"
By turns a bivouac and a bagnio.

The spear and ferule, which this rod
Is fitly arm'd with, hooped and shod,
Were forged, by a peculiar process,
From ancient Rhodes' wide-legg'd Colossus;
The skull alone uninjured lingers—
I tweak'd its nose off 'twixt my fingers:
Art borrowed from the nasal ridges
The hint for framing metal bridges,
Such as o'er sundry streams *across* go;—
One nostril forms the Bell of Moscow.

I stretch'd the hemp that forms my line, a-
-long the wide, wondrous Wall of China,

Twelve wains abreast can on its cope walk—
I made the parapet my rope-walk,
That line has posed the strongest jaws, Sirs—
Its "strands" were twisted from the hawsers
That had long wrestled with the *fierce* seas,
Connecting the pontoons of Xerxes.
What Galleass, Carrack, Bucentaur,
Or Argosy, for trade or war,
Rivals the Cyclad* Ship!—her frame is
Equal to fifty tall Triremes;
From forty banks, a thousand "sweeps" †
Propell'd her through the labouring deeps;
Her anchor, of a single fluke,
Forms for Leviathans my Hook.
And, e'en to frame my simple reel,
I seized Ixion's restless wheel.

* Built by Archimedes for Hierro. Wood sufficient for fifty galleys was expended on her construction. These huge vessels were called Cyclades or Ætnæ.

† Sweeps—the great oar of galleys, plyed by several hands.

The Bait which hangs my fish-hook's point on,
Is a colossal Mastodonton,
Much huger than the hugest *E*-lephant
That e'er browzed jungle shrubs in *the* Levant,
Or (a decoy but rarely *used* here)
The carcase of an Irish Moose-deer,
Whose antlers—'tis not an invention—
Are twice ten fathoms in expansion.

Deep-Sea Fishing.—Procerity.

I moored my bark, and plunged my bait
Far in Magellan's tortuous strait:
Whilst trolling there, 'twixt day and dark,
I hook'd a most voracious shark,
And, anxious quickly to inspect him,
Instructed Toby to dissect him.
Of such Dan Pliny dares to tell ye,
Who had a Soldier in his belly;

My fish must have been vastly larger—
He'd pouch'd a Warrior and his Charger;
A monster man, whose buckler *could* do
The work of an entire Testudo;
His length exceeded, by a perch or
Two, the fossil bones which Kircher*
Allots to Patagonian Pallas,
Whom fierce King Turnus, in his malice,
Despatch'd in fight, as poets tell,
To drill Nick's grenadiers in Hell;
He—measuring some few score of metres—
Might peer with ease above St. Peter's,
Whose dome—which could not be a *light* cap—
Would scarce have served him for a night-cap;
For he, when living, used that big block,
The Sphynx of Egypt, as his wig-block.

* Kircher asserts, that the bones of Pallas were found near Rome in his time, and his stature ascertained to have been so great, that he could have overlooked the highest walls of the city.

Before the harbour's mouth of Bona,
I kill'd the landlord Whale of Jonah;
He was, as antiquaries wish,
A very venerable fish,
Known, from Gibraltar's Straits to Behring's,
As an alarm-word 'mongst the herrings.

The Sea-Serpent.

Of old, in Afric's arid regions,
A huge Snake check'd Rome's stoutest legions;
And as their arms could do him *no* hurt,
Just made one mouthful of a cohort—
Till, hurled from Catapult, a stone
Struck the strong spine and crush'd the bone;
This feat was (though historians *may* gull us)
Achieved by famed Field-marshal Regulus:

High in the Capitol the skin he
Hung up—'twas measured there by Pliny.
Rome, blot away these classic wonders
From thy prolific page of blunders;
Or own thyself, direct and candid,
Unfit to meet me single-handed.
I've slain a Snake—I love comparisons—
Would scare your field-force, fleets, and garrisons,
Which, match'd with your's, would have surpass'd it
So far——they should be thus contrasted:
A cock-boat to the ark of Noah,
A "hair-born elver"* to a Boa;
Queen Mab's wand to Alcidés' baculum;
A Kraken† to his least tentaculum.
Whilst I pursued my angling chase, in
To the unfrozen Polar basin,
In half the time I've spent in scribbling,
I felt the great Sea-Serpent nibbling;

* A small eel. † Pontopiddan.

Gave him (lest all he'd run away with)
A hundred leagues of line to play with ;
Scourged by his tail, huge icebergs spun
Like tops, by schoolboys lashed in fun.
His gory jaws discharged a flood,
Vast as the Amazon, of blood,
Which, daggling far and wide the *shed* snow,
Accounts for Captain Ross's red snow;
And as I coax'd him towards the *dry* land,
He twined his body round an island—
One whisk sufficed me to unwreath him ;
I popp'd my landing-net beneath him,
And flayed, upon my groaning gabbard,
His tough shagreen, to make my scabbard.
Then, while yet wriggling in the toils,
Wound his lithe length in spiral coils,
Much like, when braced with bands of cable,
In size and shape, thy tow'r, O Babel !
And fashion'd just as your Fishmongers
Are wont to " collar" Eels, call'd Congers.

Mermaid.

I ONCE, while making with my seine a
Mere random haul, off St. Helena,
Took that apocryphal and rare maid,
Whom modern mortals style a Mermaid;
A buxom nymph, half fish, half human--
Her cheeks had all that lovely bloom on,
Which golden-hair'd Aurora gave,
When her first day-beams kiss'd the wave;
She dinn'd my ears with Attic Greek,
Glib as our land-born damsels speak,
And I pursued her through the *aorists*,
The most inquisitive of querists.
Maids of all sorts are prone to coax men,
She had bewitch'd the first of spokesmen—
Demosthenes was long her suitor,
Yea, and her literary tutor;

Greek to the waves he used to *gabble* hard—
She play'd Eloisa to his Abelard;
And as the Archon was a *pet* of her's
Soon conn'd by rote his tropes and metaphors.
Her great longevity I imagine was
Due to her structure cartilaginous.*
And from that gownsman and this *fickle* lass
Sprang, by descent, "*Il Pesce Nicholas*;" †
Amphibious man, he loved t' abide
In the dark depths of ocean's tide;
Whence rising, 'midst Trinacrian rocks, again,
He charged his lungs' large lobes with oxygen,
Inspiring at one draught, they tell us,
A day's munition for his bellows.

* Animals so constructed are known to be particularly long-lived; some go so far as to think that certain species of fish, on this account, are only accidentally mortal.

† The Diver Nicholas, styled "Il Pesce." He plyed, as a sort of aquatic post-boy, between Naples and the Island of Sicily—lived whole days in the water, and perished in attempting to recover a gold cup, flung by King Ferdinand into the vortex of Charybdis.

With digits webb'd, his limbs seem'd *all* fins—
He prank'd 'midst porpoises and dolphins,
Till gull'd, to seek the golden guerdon and
Imperial smile of tyrant Ferdinand,
He dared Charybdis' dreadful womb—
Lost the poor prize, and found a tomb.

Eusebius (if alive) would smile at
My Sea-Maid's hoax of the old Pilot,
Who heard—Isle Paxas being to leeward—
Her deep-toned voice, directed seaward,
Cry "Thaumous, when thou reachest shore,
"Announce, THE MIGHTY PAN'S NO MORE!"
When the astounding tidings spread,
Prince, Priests, and People quaked with dread;
And this brief phrase of fear and mystery
Caused the first "Panic"* known to history.

* There are various opinions respecting the derivation of the word "*Panic*." This supernatural announcement, taking

Eheu! whilst coasting Madagascar,
The Coxswain, a salacious Lascar,
One of those dogs who dive for pearl,
Eloped with my aquatic Girl.

into account the alarm produced by it, furnishes, perhaps, as plausible an etymology as any that has been hazarded.

The Concursus.

Sojourning once at Ispahan,
I met with a mysterious Man,
One who, through twice nine hundred ages,
Communed with Sinners, Saints, and Sages,
In each variety of clime,
Yet seem'd but rising to his prime;
Robust of limb, and sound of *cranium*—
He lived expecting the Millennium.
Proud of the interview—I held,
With this clear-sighted Seer of Eld,
Historic converse, close and long;
Found his lore deep, and memory strong
He rivall'd—you'll forthwith suppose so—
Me, as a first-rate Virtuoso,

And oped, with many strained verbosities,
His cabinet of curiosities;
Then, full of the rare exhibition,
Defied me to a competition.

Cold Collation—Saltness of the Sea.

His Viands* gave him scope to gabble on;
Brawns from the magazine of Babylon,
Preserved by processes so clever,
He swore that they'd hold sweet for ever,†
Yet stared when I gave, to ensure them,
Salt from Lot's Wife, that he might cure them:
For altho' Radziville‡ had sought
In vain the relics of Dame Lot,

* Albeit these are confessedly strange articles of *virtû*.

† Meat was preserved in Magazines of Babylon for some hundreds of years.

‡ Radziville, Palatine of Wilna, in the course of his travels,

The Dead Sea's tides still round her chafe, as
In by-gone days of old Josephus;
And saline sweats, from her limbs trickling,
Are now, as then, that lake bepickling.
So strongly doth the salt impregnate
Its wave, that—did it storm or stagnate—
Carracioli's buoyant trunk
Beneath the surface ne'er had sunk.*

I learn'd, indeed, from old Xamolxes†
How all the great seas became *salt* seas—

endeavoured, without success, to discover some remains of the Pillar of Salt into which Lot's Wife had been metamorphosed, and which Josephus asserts to have existed in his day. The modern natives of the neighbourhood, being either more industrious or more fortunate than their predecessors, exhibit the relics of the statue.

* "The body of Carracioli, rose to the surface of the sea, into which it had been thrown after his execution at Naples, although shot weighing upwards of 200lbs. still continued attached to it."—*Southey's Life of Nelson.* It was long thought that the human body could not sink in the waters of the Dead Sea.

† "The primeval inhabitants of Moldavia believed in the incarnation of the Divinity in the person of a man, named Xa-

He had the story from Paul Lucas*—
Paul pump'd Asmodeus of the *true* cause—
Asmodeus gave it as it ran
In Vishnou's gospel-book, the Phran:
Neptune—in Sanscrit styled Khoy-Khauder—
(His oceans erst were all fresh water)
Squabbled with Aughust, an Infernal,
—The effect of their ill-blood 's eternal—
The Demon proved the God's chastiser;
—This Aughust was a Septembrizer—
Stretching his length o'er swamp and sand-hill,
From Table-Bay to Babelmandel,
He used the strait there as a tundish—
(Like Rahu,† he'd have made but *one* dish

molxes, who affected to be endowed with eternal life. From him the country was called *Molla-div-ia*, or the territory of the immortal Priest."

* Paul Lucas, according to his own account, held a conference with the Dæmon Asmodeus, in Upper Egypt.

† The planet Rahu is said, in the Birman Mythology, to take the Sun or Moon into his mouth, and thus to occasion eclipses.

Of Sun and Moon)—and the Phran saith,
Pausing not once for ruth or breath,
He gulped—'twas a prodigious potion—
At once the tides of every ocean;
Then strutting by th' exhausted pool-edge,
He showed King Khoy he still had "ullage,"
In his deep-cistern'd interior,
For Lakes Ontario and Superior;
Anon, with swag paunch and phiz surl'd,
Perked on the "back-bone of the World,"*
In pity to the sea-tribes finny,
He pass'd the waters bright and briny,
And simply used to pour them forth
From East to West, from South to North,
Each current to its pristine station—
The Gulliverian operation,

* The Lapata Mountains in Africa, called the "Spine of the World."

This—maugre chronologic baldness—
Is the true cause of Ocean's saltness.

'Tis said, that when a *raid** of Janissaries
The regions won from Greece or *Venice* harries, †
The greedy dogs (who leave no wrecks of
The fatted fowls they 've wrung the necks of)
Levy, by persecutions piteous,
A tax, as wages for their teeth use. ‡
Certes, were they condemn'd to mumble
My Rival's Babylon brawns, a grumble
At food so fibrous and unfriable,
Might, in good sooth, be justifiable;
For viands that could pose Time's gnawing
Must laugh at teeth a human jaw in.

* *Raid*, an incursion. † *Harry* to plunder.—Scottish.
‡ Vide Lady Montague's Letter to the Abbot of Adrianople.

I, who of salt meats ne'er took *any*,
Joined to the pic nic *bœuf boucané*,*
Carved in its native state of beef-steak,
Quite *à la mode* that Tartar thieves take,
When every fierce and famished *rough* fellow
Cuts his raw ration from the Buffalo,
And then, with apathy amazing,
Drives the poor victim forth a-grazing.†
My sabre scalp'd—nought could be bolder—
This slice from the Behémoth's shoulder.
Gigantic Brute! in whose formation
Jove spent the sixth day of creation.‡
He crops at noon a thousand mountains,
Drains Jordan to its headmost fountains;

* Beef preserved by being dressed and smoked according to to the method practised by the Buccaneers, who derived their *nom de guerre* from the process.

† Bruce.—Rabbi Benjamin also, who travelled in the 12th century, says that "the Copheral Turks devour the flesh torn from beasts yet alive."

‡ Taken literally from the Talmud.

For him next night the torrent flows again,
And in like space the herbage grows again :
Spitted before earth's final fire, he
Will furnish, on the *dies iræ*,
A banquet in the vale Jehosaphat—
Those who can't taste, will have a *loss* of it.
Tho' never board, from Thames to Carron,
Sustain'd of beef so brave a baron,
We'll have (being solely for the righteous)
There of this *magnus bos* but *light* use ;
My task, I fear, will not be weighty,
Though I sit Croupier on that *great* day.

Pickles.

To give a zest, the Stranger tickles
My palate with exotic Pickles,

'Mongst which (their flavour 's known to *few* lips)
Were bulbs of some Imperial Tulips,*
Of which a single root, if healthy,
Would make a Burgomaster wealthy.
Anon, officious Toby serves
Cases containing my Preserves:
Assyrian quince, Armenian apricot,
Raisins from the Arsacid grapery got,
Dried from the clusters that were mellow'd in
Times of the "cut-throat Sheik,"† and Saladin; ‡
And eke, enshrined in sacch'rine cell,
Th' identic apple pierced by Tell;
'Twas garnished round with candied chippings,
By Herc'les pared from "golden pippins,"
Plucked in the orchards of th' Hesperides—
He'd "boxed the fox" there in his merry days.

* "During the Tulip mania in Holland, a root worth £1,000 was eaten by a sailor, in mistake for an onion."—*Beckmann.*

† "The Old Man of the Mountain," Chief of the Arsacidæ, whose romantic history is so well known.

‡ Three of the devotees of the infamous sect of Arsacidæ fell by the hand of Saladin, whom they attempted to

Sauce Piquante.

I THEN regaled the Stranger's *fauces*
With the most rich of ancient sauces,
Doled out, lest its high sapor sate him,
As Cockney Doctors say, "gutt*a*tim;"
Yea, trickling from my niggard cruet,
Fell lingering drops of that rare fluid,
Which erst, in gastromanic rage,
The Master-Droll of Rome's old stage,
—To outdo kings, in luxury's *sin*, eager—
Obtain'd, by solving gems in vinegar,
(The same that Hannibal, in fountains,
Had used for mollifying mountains,)*

"assassinate," at the instigation of Kamscheglin, Minister of Al Malek.

* Livy, lib. xxi. cap. 37. Walker, in his notes, says, "*Mirum sane unde Hannibali tanta aceti copia in Alpibus*," Thaumaturgus, in order to settle the question as to the point at which the Carthaginian General crossed the Alpine ridge, decides that this mollifying operation was performed upon the cliffs that

Then gulped—the Gourmand's name was Esop—
At once the gain of half his days up.

Wonders of Waters.

Cordials of every tinge and body,
Araki, Tari, Koumiss, Toddy,
In gills from the quick-circling rummer,
We quaff'd—"one swallow makes no summer."
My Rival wished his beverage weaker,
And, to dilute it, brimmed his beaker
With water drawn in Athos' tunnel, *
Where Xerxes' galley bathed its gunnel;
Then, chuckling, showed his exultation
T' have proved that doubted excavation.

barred the passes of the *Alpis Graia*, or Little St. Bernard. General Melville, De Luc, and the Edinburgh Reviewer, possess the merit of having entertained the same opinion.

* "Perforatus Athos et quicquid Græcia Mendax
"Audet in historia."———

'Twas seen *instanter* that my cruises
Held liquids dear to Men and Muses;
One flask was filled with *aqua pura*,
Sucked from snow-nippled "Paps of Jura."
Fools say, that to such streams as this is
The Cretins, and some septs of Swisses,
Owe all their goitre-garnished faces—
They deem a wen the first of graces.

The water I adfect for lotions,
And use unfiltered in my potions,
Is caught in droppings from that *scarce* tree—
Growth of Hierro's Isle—the Garse-tree,
Which, blooming on an arid mountain,
Yields, as a vegetable fountain,
In genial dews drawn from the skies,
Drink which the dry-nurse Earth denies.
Dank mists its verdant vertex shroud,
The lance-leaved branches broach the cloud,

And the pure element distils
Down trickling in a thousand rills—
As if old Notus, sung by Maro,
Chose for his roosting-place Hierro,
Shook his wet wings, and kempt his hair,
And wrung his reeking whiskers there.

For many an age "the fount that played
In times of old through Ammon's shade,"
By Turk or traveller vainly sought,
Was deemed a fairy fiction, wrought
By History's Grandsire, till the hour
When, armed with more than Bleton's* power,
I paced, with sympathetic tread,
Above the spring's conjectured bed,
Felt of affinity the thrill
My sensate frame bore to the rill:

* The famous discoverer of subterraneous springs and waters by sympathy.—*Literary Journal, published at Bouillon.*

A subtile *aura* from the well
Doth permeate the terrene shell,
And, floating round my footsteps, brings
Strange knowledge of those viewless springs,
Which, hid from vulgar mortals, sleep
In native basins, dark and deep.
Led by this sense, I traced the course
Of the *Fons Solis*—reached the source,
And, through th' authentic ancient shaft,
Thence quaff'd—(*'twas eve*)—a *tepid* draught:
Flowing by fall'n fanes of the *God*, it does
Confirm the tale of old Herodotus.*
This brimming "bardak"† which I drew,
To the Fount's mystic virtues true,

* "Supposing the temperature of the Fountain to have been 60° in the evening, it might be 100° at midnight. This does not altogether accord with Herodotus, who says that the water is cold at noon and midnight, but warm in the morning and evening. We have, however, to recollect that he was only told of the phenomenon."—*Belzoni.*

† Earthen vessels, made at Minieh in Upper Egypt, and used to keep water cool.

Pours a meridian stream, as chill
As Arctic iceberg's snow-born rill; *
Its nocturn wave, to seeth or scald, runs
Hot as the gush from Geyser's† cauldrons:
Sol steals, while Luna yields, caloric;
Or—take an illustration Doric—
The spring in "Ammon's Elloah" hid, might
Make grog at noon and punch at midnight.

Wines.—Blood of the Swiss.

An ample magnum flask, that hung
From his scrip belt, th' Unknown unslung;
And, while his liberal hand outpour'd
The large libation o'er the board,

* "At noon the water was quite cold."—*Belzoni.*
† The boiling springs of Iceland.

With bearing high, and tone of pride,
And soul exhilarate, he cried—
" Where the *Birs' Alpine torrents toil,
" By fair St. James's holy pile,
" And pour, with ever-murmuring wave,
" Perennial requiem to the Brave,
" Who for Helvetia fought and fell—
" Fame speaks how gloriously and well—
" The teeming vine-trees' leech-roots drain
" The arteries of the warrior-slain;
" And when, by Autumn's zephyrs fann'd,
" Rich fruitage woos the gatherer's hand,
" To sound of tabor, pipe, and drum,
" The patriot Switzers mustering come,

* This spot is consecrated by the heroism of 1,500 Swiss, who checked here the invading army of Louis XI. amounting to many thousands. Of the Swiss only 16 survived; and these, in the manner of the Spartans, were branded by their countrymen with infamy for abandoning the field. In commemoration of the action, the inhabitants of Basle assemble periodically at the Convent of St. James, to drink a wine called " Blood of the Swiss," produced from vines growing where the Patriots fell.

" Crush the ripe clusters, redly glowing,
" And drink, with cups and hearts o'erflowing,—
" Whilst more than filial love inspires—
" The memory of their Spartan Sires.
" To taste that spirit-stirring wine,
" 'Blood of the Swiss,' I *breathed—a Vine!*
" And from its purple gushing caught
" This juice, with generous impulse fraught."

Malmsey—Philetas—Sylphium.

My Cases came—I crack'd a bottle;
A legend, compassing its throttle,
Pronounc'd it (sanction'd by its *tint*, age,
And flavor,) Malmsey, of the vintage
That Clarence* chose, as History saith,
To prove his "passion strong in death."

* The only favour granted him was the choice of his death; and he was privately drowned in a butt of Malmsey, in the

Illustrious Epicure! in *a* canal
To drown, would shame a Royal Bacchanal;
Flies, in Madeira merged, revive—
P'rhaps this induced the Duke to dive.
My Goblet was the Fool's-cap leaden
That old Philetas* moor'd his head in.
Why was his cranium thus enchaliced?
He carried much more sail than ballast,
And thinking Earth's attraction frangent,
Fear'd he'd drift moonward in a tangent:
While hiccup'd now my second cork,
Th' Unknown "wished for the throat of stork,†
And palate all its length."—Perfume
Of highest "*bouquet*" thro' the room
Rose lightly odorous:—I'd shewn
This wine "the Priv'leged" drank alone—

Tower—a whimsical choice, which implies that he had an extraordinary passion for that liquor.—*Hume.*

* Philetas, the Grammarian, according to Ælian, carried lead on his person, lest he should be swept away by the winds.

† Prayer of an ancient Epicure, improved by Foote.

Rich Sylphium* 'twas, of that rude Roman,
"Czar" Maximinius, with whom *no* Man
Dare, in his day, affect to cope or
Corps, as a Bruiser or a Toper;
'Twas fill'd in *amphoræ*, befitting
Him who'd exhaust one at a sitting.

A Stoup.

Deep drinking this—yet mine far flogs it;
Toby at hob-nob swills a hogshead.
Once, when some bastard sons of Bacchus
Dared, in wild wassail, to attack us,
To win the Whistle of Glenriddle; †
My clench'd fist struck the Tun of ‡ Heidle-

* Sylphium, a wine of such cost, that, under the sumptuary laws, it could not be purchased without the permission of the magistrates.

† Drank for in Scotland periodically.—*Burns' Poems.*

‡ Containing 800 hogsheads, and kept constantly full of Rhenish wine.

-berg, and projected from its socket
The broad bung, like a Congreve rocket.
Let mean Athletes with Milo wrestle—
I heaved aloft the mountain vessel,
And gorged at one draught, stretch'd supine,
Its inland sea of mighty wine,
Till the vast void rang to my ear,
Like Troy's horse 'neath Lacoon's spear.*
Thus, having drain'd th' abyss of drink out,
And put each tiny Toper's link out,
I stood astride—being mildly mellow—
Across a prostrate wine-logg'd fellow,
A Scot—I ken'd him by his Thistle—
And blew a flourish thro' the Whistle;
Each glass was shivered on the table,
The house was rent right thro' the gable,
The passing birds that wing'd the wind
Dropp'd, deafen'd, paralized, and blind;

* ——————"uteroque recusso
Insonuere cavæ."——————

So erst the shout of Athens' crowds
Unnerv'd Jove's Eagles in the clouds; *
The church-bells pealed with hurried stroke,
Graves yawn'd—the very dead awoke,
Whilst Prince and Peasant, Saint and Strumpet,
Sprang forth—convinced 'twas the last trumpet.

Codification.

Th' Unknown, in our refined refections,
Shewed, from his Manuscript collections,
Gems writ ere pens in gall† were dipt.—I
Avowed the *Codices Rescripti*,

* When Flaminius gave liberty to Greece, such an acclamation arose, that the very birds fell from heaven. "Ferrari de ritu veterum acclamationibus et plausu."—Plutarch.

† Sir H. Davy suggests, from the nature of the ink in the Papyri MSS. and the silence of Pliny, that up to the period of the destruction of Herculaneum, the Romans never used galls and iron as a writing ink; and probably this invention was contemporary with parchment, of which the earliest MSS.

Tho' stained by "styles" in learning's *chaster* day,
Compared to these, were works of yesterday.
He proved one scrip by a shrewd gloss, a
True autograph of Queen Atossa;
That *female Damsel,** he'd contend,
Wrote the first letter ever penn'd.
The gloss was all his own—in troth,
He had more lore than any Goth.†
Ere I touch'd topics more important,
I gave a practical and *short* hint,
That Dame Atossa‡ should be reckon'd,
At best, of letter-scribes but second;

at present known are the Codices Rescripti, discovered at Rome and Milan by M. Mai.

* This word applies to either sex. Pepin was styled the "Damsel."

† The Goths were highly distinguished for genius and learning.—*Jornandes.*

‡ Clemens Alexandrinus, and Tatian also, who copies from Hellanicus, the historian, affirm that the first epistle ever composed was the production of Atossa, a Persian Empress.—Many suppose that the letter Homer's Prætus gave to Bellerophon, preceded the letter of Atossa.

Her's was indited, as I knew,
In answer to the *billet doux*
Of a *Shah*, springed in Cupid's rat-trap—
I shewed the *poulet* of the Satrap.
Anterior e'en to that, in date, is
King Prætus' note to Iobates,
Urging the last to act as Sheriff on
The Heathen Joseph, chaste Bellerophon;
He was a gullible knight-errant,
Who rode post with his own death-warrant.
I drew this scrip from my portfolio,
Which boasts a rich and varied olio.
The rarest scriptural reliques
Of Jews, Chaldees, Phœnicians, Greeks,
Were met in that *port-feuille* prolific;
The Uncial text—the Hieroglyphic—
*And that which posed the rambling rabble on
Hillah's quench'd brick-kilns, now call'd Babylon;

* The cunei-formed letters on tiles at Hillah.

As a mere Potter's field is shewn
The "Mujelib"*—the "Overthrown."
In some the text was perpendicular—
Some horizontal—some orbicular,†
A style confined to things befitting it—
Ancient "round-robins" were all writ in it.
The Sybil Prophecies, array'd on
The "to and fro style," *Boustrophédon*,
Suggest th' hypothesis—I hint it—
That all who read her scriptures squinted.
Hogarth!—what a *coup d'œil*, a feast of her's!
Strabo,‡ no doubt, was a High Priest of her's.

* A figurative name given by the natives to the ruins of Hillah.—*Ker Porter.*

† "Le Pere Hugues a fait representer vingt-quatre manieres d'ecrire, * * * Ont peut reduire à trois espèces, celles qui ont été d'usage: l'ecriture perpendiculaire, l'ecriture horizontale, et l'ecriture orbiculaire. * * Quant à l'ecriture orbiculaire, elle ne fut peut-etre jamais d'un usage suivi chez aucun peuple. Il y en eut cependant selon Pausanias et selon Maffei."

‡ "If you please to compare the Roman names that seem so stately, because you understand them not, you will disdain them in respect to our meanest names. For what is Strabo, but Squint-eye; Fronto, but Beetle-browed; Cassius, but

The Shoo-King.

I CAUGHT th' Unknown's eye now o'erlooking
My unique copy of the Shoo-King,*
Beheld him, in amazement *mute,* see
The great book of the great CON-FUTE-SEE:

Cat's-eyes; PÆTUS, Pink-eyed; COCLES, One-eye; NASO, Bottle-nose; GALBA, Maggot, (as Suetonius interpreteth); SILO, Ape's-nose; ANCUS, Crooked-arm; PANSA, Broad-foot; SUILLIUS, Swine-eared; CAPITO, Jobbernoll; CALVUS, Bald-pate; CRISPUS, Curl-pate; FLACCUS, Loll-ears, or Flag-eared; LABEO, Blubber-lip; SCAVRUS, Knobbed-heel; VARUS, Bow-legged; PEDO, Long-shanks; MARCELLUS, Hammer; CILO, Petty-longpate; Chilo, Flap-lips! Those great names also, FABIUS, LENTULUS, CICERO, PISO, STOLO, are no more in our tongue, than Bean-man, Lentil, Chick-peas, Peas-cod-man, Branch. For, as Pliny saith, these names were first appropriated to them for skill in sowing these grains."—*Camden.*

* "The Shoo-King originally extended to 100 chapters.—These consisted of short sentences, which were then, as they are now, got by heart. After a lapse of sixty years, most of those who knew the Shooking were either dead or had lost the recollection of it. High rewards were offered for its recovery, and at length an old man, named Foo-seng, was discovered, who retained a considerable portion of it. From him the sub-

All the Loo transcript, lost by rot,
Or "*Senachie*,"* Foo Seng forgot;
Corrupted passages, *lacunæ*,
Or points minute, which, seeming puny,
Would still—transposed in Chinese text—
Render the clearest code perplex'd—
Here stood restored; for my collection
Is perfect to the hundredth section.
Who can appraise its worth in pelf?
'Twas writ by the sage Chee† himself.
If Europe's blundering Envoys took
A copy of this priceless book,
'T had won for Bell, De Lange, or Staunton,
Free passage to Peking from Canton:

stance of about twenty-nine books was obtained. Subsequently, a Prince of Loo recovered the remainder of fifty-eight sections, in the ruins of an old building."—*Quarterly Review*, Vol. XI.

* *Senachie*, a Gælic term for a class of persons whose profession it is to hand down traditionally the history and institutes of their country.

† The diminutive of Confucius.

Lured by the prospect of such prize,
KIEN LUNG, the wary Khan, and wise,
Had issued his "*celestial Chops*"*
To Men of "Sledges," "Shrugs," and "Shops"—
And Knaves from Severn, Seine, and Dwina,
Might cheat and chaffer through all China.

Flamel's Book—Alchymy.

THESE were mere skirmishers I threw
In van—anon, pass'd in Review
Th' *Elite* of all the precious volumes
That crowd my shelves in deep close columns:
Brass-bound, with hieroglyph enamel,
Stood first the "mighty book" of Flamel;†

* Imperial passports.

† The history of this Adept is, perhaps, better worth perusal than that of any other of his craft. His various

Rare Tome!—he bought it for ten stivers,
Conn'd all its cabbala and ciphers.
Palaces, Lazarettos, Churches,
Rose from this talismanic purchase;
Who reads this work, ne'er at a loss is
For the sublime, yet simple process,
To make the substance Adepts hold
Shall baser ores transmute to gold.
When pulverized, if one *prise* settles
On any of the minor metals,
First, Mercury-like, it runs in bubbles,
Then coins itself in good "Rose Nobles,"*

and extensive religious and charitable foundations, many of which existed to the time of the French Revolution, prove that he was possessed of enormous wealth. We have his *own* authority for believing that he derived his riches from having become possessed of the Philosopher's-stone and the Elixir, by accidentally purchasing, for a trifling sum, a book written in occult characters, the work of a deceased Jew, called Abraham, in which the secrets were developed.

* The old English Rose Noble, which the Rosicrucians assert to contain the least alloy of any coin ever struck, (in which, however, by the way, the comparative tables do not bear them

Moulded, and mill'd, and finished fully,
As well as those of Raymond Lully,
Whose pure alchemic gold, when "*fixed*,"
Ranked o'er all bullion ever "*pixed*."
This Book expounds the virtues mighty,
Concocted in th' *Elixir Vitæ*,
A pinch or gill of which, in sooth,
Confers eternal life and youth.
'Tis not so grateful to the lip as
Thy nostrum, likerish Hermippus;*

out,) is said to have been made of alchemic gold, by Raymond Lully, who was in his day very properly made Master of the Mint.

* According to an inscription found at Rome about three centuries ago :

L. CLODIUS HERMIPPUS,
VIXIT ANNOS CXV. DIES V.
PUELLARUM ANHELITU.

Hermip. Rediv.

Mr. Thicknesse, in his Valetudinarian's Bath Guide, has these words : " I myself am now turned of sixty, and in general, though I have lived in various climates, and suffered se-

Thou taught'st—by zephyrs caught, in kisses,
From budding lips of blooming Misses,
The amorous (and the vital) spark shall
Attain an age quite patriarchal.
Prizing the breath of panting lasses
Above all other airs or gases,
I, true to thy receipt, have quaff'd
The balmy and ethereal draught;
Yea, in such measure, of such quality,
As gives exhilarate vitality,
Which ne'er th' elastic "Nitrous Oxyde" *
Could yield, inhaled e'en by the hogshead.

verely in body and mind, yet, having always partaken of the breath of young women, I feel none of those infirmities that so often strike my eyes and ears in this great city, in men much younger than myself."

"E'en give, with Thicknesse, useful hints for health,
"For public good, tho' not for private wealth;
"Like him, to shun the cold embrace of death,
"Inhale, from virgin lips, ambrosial breath."

Pursuits of Literature.

* Vulgo, the Laughing Gas.

Pere Hardouin.

HARDOUIN! the libell'd and the learn'd,
Receive, tho' late, the fame thou 'st earn'd;
Resolved, from hence, no more to *let* you lie
The mock of pedant Literatuli,
Great THAUMATURGE proves, in his ruth,
Thy slighted theories* stark truth.
Mute be, for aye, the sceptic scoffers—
I now unlock'd two antique coffers,
Carved on whose lids, devices quaint—
A Satyr here, and here a Saint—
Tell they were wrought in classic climes,
When Christian touch'd on Pagan times.

* Hardouin maintained that the writings of the ancients were forged by Monks of the 13th century, with the exception of the works of Cicero, Pliny's Natural History, and the Georgics of Virgil. The Æneid he believed to be an allegorical description of St. Paul's journey to Rome.

Within, by my researches *brought* there,
Of every ancient classic Author
Was found—each in its proper pigeon-hole—
The very autograph original;
And all the books lodged in those trunks,
Deem'd Heathen erst, were writ by Monks.*
This truth, long since, sage Hardouin had
Promulged—the Age pronounc'd him mad;
And e'en th' Unknown, a shrewd and cool man,
Called it the "reverie of a Schoolman."
But when I give, as I unroll,
A running *scholium* with each scroll,
Thro' the mind's adits—ears and eyes—
The lightning of conviction flies.
I shew'd first—what the Bard would *fain* hide—
"*Fra*" Virgil's rough draft of the Æneid.

* The Monks are here thrown farther back than the time at which Hardouin and others suppose them to have arisen. The general belief is that they originated with St. Anthony, A. D. 305; others trace them to the Therapeutæ, or Paul the Hermit.

Erasures, blots, and interlinings,
Critical changes, and refinings,
Parts left, in phrenzy, incomplet e,*
(The heads of lines that wanted *feet*,)
Prove it th' original, the same
The Bard, too chary of his fame,—
According to that flippant liar,
Tradition—doom'd to light the pyre,
Whereon his honoured bones should burn
"Al carbonado" for the urn.
He flourish'd—but *n'importe* in *what* reign;
As for the "Ille Ego" quatrain,
And the terse argument above it,
They're from the pen of "Brother" Ovid.†
Hight "Nosey,"— Maro was his master—
Yet "Nosey" proved no Poetaster;

* "Dum scriberet, ne quid impetum moraretur, quædam imperfecta reliquit."

† The Arguments to the Books of Virgil are by some attributed to Ovid.

He wrote both dolefully and drolly,
But was, as Monk, more hot than holy.
In sooth, Propertius and Tibullus,
Martial, Petronius, and Catullus,
And other wanton-witted "*Papas*,"
From * "*Fra*" Anacreon to "*Dom*" Mapas,†
Have tortured tenses, moods, and aorists,
Either as amateurs or theorists.
—Tho' raised to theologic benches—
In praise of wine-bibbing and wenches.
Though th' Unknown doubted, that the Muses
Breath'd their warm works out thro' Recluses,
Yet, feeling few can at their feasts sport
Rough wines more racy than prime "Priest's Port,"

* A French Wit, (alluding to Hardouin's hypothesis,) exclaimed, "I could wish to spend an evening with *Fra* Virgil and *Dom* Horace.

† Walter de Mapes or Mapas, the jolly Chaplain of Henry II. to whom are attributed the well-known verses in praise of drinking, commencing—

"*Mihi est propositum in taberna mori.*"

He archly cried, "Your "*Freres*" in *black* cloth
Love, like the old, Sack more than sackcloth."
"Monks of the Screw"* who little note the
Text, "*Fratres sobrii estote.*" †

Peter the Hermit.—D'Israeli.

Resolving still the learned mystery,
The books of the Monk-Scribes of History,
Cull'd from their cells on *Monte Santo*, ‡
I now, with hasty hand, began to

* A celebrated Society, under this name, partly political and partly convivial, was formed in Dublin in 1779. John Philpot Curran, the first Prior of the Order, supplied the Brotherhood with a hymn, invoking them to abstinence and mortification, thus:—

"My Brethren, be chaste, till you're tempted—
Whilst sober, be wise and discreet;
And humble your bodies by fasting,
As oft as you've nothing to eat."

† Epist. Petri. c. 5, v. 8.———Paul Harris.

‡ Mount Athos, in whose monasteries many of the Classics were preserved.

Expose, and to the wondering gazer
Demonstrate the Gazettes of Cæsar
(His Commentary Book fools term it)
To be the work of Peter th' Hermit.
The *Croisés'* Muster-master-general—
Whether his schemes did good to *men,* or ill,
I shan't discuss—some bless, some curse him;
But, were his skull thumm'd by Dan Spurzheim,
Altho' it might express sagaciousness,
T'would lack the bump that marks pugnaciousness.
Certes, he was profoundly skill'd in
The art and mystery of building.
Had Pagan Rome seen his design,
For march of war, to bridge the Rhine,
—In fost'ring merit none could beat her—
She 'd made a *Pontifex* of Peter.

Oft by his MSS. alone
An Author's character is known;
And as these Monk-writ Classics pass'd,
A glance upon each codex cast

Proved that—not only of his *sense* it is
A test, but of the Scribe's propensities—
In penmanship, whoever nourishes
A taste for filagree and flourishes,
Puts his own portrait on the paper,
As given to gasconade and vapour.
More of this system I'll not tell ye—
See it at large in D'Israeli.

T. Livius (Monachus.)

Livy, complete thro' all the Decades,
So long deemed lost by wise and *weak* heads,
From a rich casket Arabesque
I drew; but scarce upon my desk
Began, exulting, to unroll
The rare and venerable scroll,

When the mysterious Stranger cries,
In tones that spoke supreme surprise,
" However sceptical till now,
" Subdued to credence, I avow
" This archetype's truth—I saw the tome
" In the Historian's hand, at Rome.
" Know," he exclaim'd, " that I am He
" Who, scaling Alp and Pyrennee,
" In the first century of my *sad* days,
" Came to th' Imperial Town from Gades,*
" To see, to speak with, and embrace
" The first of the historic race.
" Livy I met—his eye sublime,
" Withdrawn from retrospects of time,
" With holy hope, fixed fervidly
" On prospects of Eternity.
" Garb'd in strange guise, no Toga roll'd
" Round his spare form its flowing fold;

* The Unknown assumes to be the person whom Pliny mentions as having travelled from Spain to Rome to see Livy.

" His visage in deep coif was sunk;
" It was a Cowl—and he a Monk.
" By grace especial, then I scann'd
" This codex, writ by his own hand:
" Dissect his style—'twill soon be seen it is
" (Free from those vulgar '*Patavinities*,'
" Corruptions of a late Transcriber,)
" The purest Latin used on Tiber.
" Four times four ages, from that day,
" Slowly and sadly pass'd away,
" When I, condemn'd to spend in strife
" An ultra-patriarchal life,
" Beheld, with mix'd delight and pain,
" The precious volume once again:
" Where 'seven-tower'd Stamboul'* frowns in pride
" O'er Marmora's divorcing tide,

* All the books of Livy were supposed to exist in the Library of the Seraglio, at Constantinople, at the beginning of the 17th Century.—Harlai, the French Ambassador, offered 10,000 crowns for them, and the Duke of Tuscany as many piasters; but they could not be discovered, when sought for.

" From plunder of th' unletter'd Turk
" I furtively secured the work;
" And Christian Casuists will, I wager ye,
" Applaud and justify this plagiary.
" The Envoy from the Gallic Court,
" Had just then proffered to the Porte,
" In purchase of the book—the Ninny!
" Five thousand zermahbub zecchini.*
" This caused a search: I, sore afraid
" Of Bowstring, or the Bastinade,
" Abandon'd Stamboul's minarets;
" Close at my heels, quick Estafettes
" Of hardy and hard-riding Tartars
" Bore proclamations to all quarters,
" Describing my costume and look,
" The rape of the high-valued book—
" While Bashaw, Bey,—each local power,
" Was charged to intercept the Giaour.

* Anglicé, " gingerly sequins"—worth about 9*s.* 6*d.* English.

" My route was sedulously traced
" O'er champaign, city, wave, and waste;
" Fever and fate while the sirocco
" Breathed abroad, I reach'd Morocco.
" Before the outer gate of Fez,
" Barring evasion with his cress,
" A Moor, whose eye was lit to *ken* a thief,
" Seized me, a convict 'Hont-fongenathef,' *
" And brought, in the chief Cadi's sight,
" The Codex and my crime to light;
" Denounc'd there as a Christian dog,
" They hasten'd to discalce and flog;
" But ere the Lictor loosed my socks, I
" Appeal'd to proofs of orthodoxy,
" Common, indeed, to Jews and Moslem,†
" That served at once to sooth and puzzle 'em.

* A thief taken with the booty upon him.—*Old Law Dictionary.*

† Circumcision.

"Anon, the Alcoran's 'neck-verse'* I
"Cited, which wins not only mercy,
"But grace and guerdon, to the sinner,
"(Tho' the slave spoil a Caliph's dinner.)†
"How close Man's institutes converge!—we
"At Fez find "benefit of Clergy;"
"And I, deem'd subject for a catacomb,
"Gain'd a free pardon and *viaticum*."

Enough! (I cried)—to the reign of Yezid
Livy's great Work remain'd in *Fez* hid,‡

* "Shew mercy, do good to all."—*Koran*, cap. *Al Araf*.

† The Caliph Hassan being at table, a slave unfortunately let fall a dish of meat, reeking hot, which scalded him severely. The slave fell on his knees, and repeated the above words, adding (also from the Alcoran) "Paradise is for those who restrain their anger." "I am not angry with thee," replied the Caliph—"And for those who forgive offences." "I forgive thee thine," answered the Caliph—"But above all, for those who return good for evil." "I set thee at liberty," rejoins the Caliph, "and give thee ten dinars" (as a viaticum.)

The "Miserere mei Deus," was called the Neck-verse, as the reading of it formed the qualification by which culprits availed themselves of benefit of clergy.

‡ The Library of the 'Caroubin,' or 'Mosque of the Thou-

When I, th' unequall'd THAUMATURGUS,
Whiling away some days at Burgos,
Met a Fez Monk, a Book Collector,
Of Spain's Asylum there long Rector;
He had oft squatted on his croup, in
The Moslem mode, in the "Caroubin,"
That, "after Mosque," perusal privy
He might obtain of this same Livy.
I sail'd—then reach'd, upon my Zebra,
The Mosque of "Thousand Candelabra."
And of the work became enfeoff'd—I
Won it at Chess from the Chief Mufti;
From no mean brow the meed of *skill* I tore—
'Twas he that once "check-mated" Philidore.*

sand Candelabra,' at Fez, was thought to contain all the Books of Livy. Doctor Hyde conceived that they might be found there, not in the original, but in the Arabic language; but Ali Bey, who has recently told us some amusing "Tales of a Traveller," could not discover them.

* He is believed to have suffered a fatal depression of spirits, in consequence of having been overcome at chess by a Turk in the suite of the Ambassador.

I staked the Koran's sacred "Sowar," *
Given in the glorious "Night of Power,"
That sanction'd Mahmoud, at the Bairam,
To add fresh Houris to his Harem,
Tho' few Birds in the Serrails' cages
E'er coo'd or kiss'd like his Khadejaz.
These "Sowar," wherewith Turks are smitten,
Were, by the Prophet, wholly written
With quills from wings of swans nor *geese* won,
But shed in Gabriel's moulting season.

Gaelic the Language of Homer.

I PROVED the classical inditers
Mere Monks, tho' long deemed Heathen writers,

* One of the Mahometan terms to express the chapters of the Alcoran. They are believed to be written with quills obtained from Gabriel's wing, and to have been sent down from the

By MSS. with which 'twere *odd* if I
Might not (as Bentham styles it) *codify*.
To shew my literary ubiquity.
I now dived deeper in antiquity;
Produced the Epic ballads, sung
By Homer, when the Muse was young.
What language did the Poet speak?
The learn'd Unknown himself cries Greek.
Tompion my ears from such responses!
Though all the tongues of all the Dunces
Pronounce him and his writings Grecian,
He knew no language, save Phœnician;
And though you'll hesitate admitting it,
His matchless Epopee was writ in it,*

highest heaven in the "Night of Power" Mahomet affected to have had a special revelation, justifying him in augmenting the number of his women; and appealed to the warm temperament of his wife Khadejaz, and his own vigour, when press'd for a miracle in verification of his mission.

* Parsons thinks that the works of Homer were originally written in the Pelasgian (which may be taken as the Phœnician language), and "he supposes they did not reach Greece until Lycurgus, on his return from Asia, collected and brought

Thence, with elaborate skill, the work was
"Done into Greek" by old Lycurgus,
To Homer's Ossian the Macpherson;
I shewed th' original and version;—
This on papyrus tough, tho' thin—
That on a Salamander's skin;†
Who doubts such creature e'er has been, he
May learn the fact from Ben Cellini.‡

them with him; and it is, he says, very likely that Lycurgus had some hand in translating Homer's works (into Greek!)—for it is more than probable that he understood the Pelasgian, as he resided among them several years." He further esteems the Pelasgian to be the Magogian or Scythian (*i. e.* the Irish language) and he says paraphrasing an expression of Plato, "that it is in the Pelasgian (or Irish) that the proper etymologies are to be sought, and that, if we would go higher, we must make the last appeal to the Creator himself." In short, he indirectly asserts that Irish is the language of Paradise.—*Remains of Japhet*, chap. xi.

† Pliny mentions a manuscript of the Iliad on paper of so thin a texture, that it might be contained in a nut-shell.—Peignot speaks of a celebrated copy on the skin of a dragon.

‡ Benvenuto Cellini relates, that when he was a boy, his father pointed out to him a Salamander, living and evidently enjoying himself in the glow of a fire. The old gentleman

A postscript, where the Trojan tale ends,
Proves that 'twas writ in the Greek Kalends.*
And Cambridge Barnes† would swear that *Colophon*
Bears the sign-manual of King Solomon.
Homer and Ossian thrummed the *Lyre*, each
To the same tongue—*Phœnician's Irish;*
This is indisputably taught us
By ‡Hanno's Punic prate, in Plautus:

(who appears to have been a link in the Mnemonic system between Simonides and Feinagle) gratified his son at the same time with a sound box on the ear, merely to "confirm" his memory in the retention of the fact. Benevenuto, it may be supposed, wished the Salamander in ****, and the animal was not likely to make any objection on the score of change of climate.

* These same Greek Kalends bear strong analogy to the modern "vulgar" epoch of "Tib's Eve." "Every body knows that the feast of St. Tib occurs neither before nor after Christmas."

† He has laboured to shew that Solomon was the author of the Iliad.

‡ "We have not, I am persuaded, in our possession the speech of Hanno, the Carthaginian, but of various transcribers of Plautus; and it may be conjectured that Plautus himself did not understand the Punic language more than Milphio, whom he has chosen as interpreter. The great affinity found in many words—nay, in whole sentences of this speech, between

But Greek (for rhyme we'll call it *Hellic*)
Can't "hold corrival" with the Gælic.
And Polyglots, that had been able
To act as Dragomans at Babel,
Your prosing language-lumber'd fellows—
Such as *Jones, †Duret, or ‡Postellus—

the Punic and the Irish (Bearla Feini or Phœnician dialect) strengthened and supported by the collation of the former pages, urged me to attempt the Irish transcription."—*Vallancey's Essay on the Antiquity of the Irish Language.*

PLAUTUS—PUNIC.

"*Yth al o nim ua lonuth sicorathissi me com sith.*"

IRISH.

"*Iaith all o ninh uath lonnaithe! socruidhise me com sith.*"

"Omnipotent, much-dreaded Deity of this country, assuage my troubled mind."

"Teige O'Neaghtan, or Norton, collated the Punic Speech in Plautus with the Irish, in the year 1742, many years before General Vallancey published his collation of that Speech."—*Transactions of the Iberno-Celtic Society,*

* Sir William Jones.

"He had so many languages in store,
"That Fame alone can speak of him in more."

† Claude Duret, President à Moulins, who published in the year 1613, "A Treasury of the History of the Languages of the Universe; containing the origin, beauties, perfections, declensions, mutations, changes, conversions, and ruins of forty-two human Languages, independently of those of Birds and Beasts.

‡ Postellus was master of eighteen languages, and it was

Who deem'd the lore of tongues a *proud* thing,
Not knowing Irish, knew just nothing.
Irish is (or old Lilly lies)*
The true court-language of the skies;
And he was guiltless of misnomer,
Who fixed in Heaven the home of Homer,†
For, from the pure lips of the *high* Elect‡
He caught the Cœlo-Celtic dialect,
Irish—in it Earth's "First Man" § won a
Soft conquest o'er the "*Prima Donna*,"‖
And wrote, when doomed with sweat of brow
To delve, his treatise on the Plough.¶

said of him, that he might traverse all the nations of the earth without an interpreter.

* "Lilly informs us, that in his various conferences with angels, their voice resembled that of the Irish."—*Curiosities of Literature.*

† Sannazarius—witness his distich:—

"Smyrna, Rhodos, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, Athenæ,
"Cedite jam: Cœlum patria Mæonidæ est."

‡ "The Gælic is the language spoken before the Deluge, and probably the language of Paradise."—*Shaw, Pref. Gælic Dict.*

§ Adam. ‖ Eve.

¶ "There is reason to believe that Adam composed a work on husbandry."—*Annals of Literature, Lond.* 1702.

I shewed the tract,—it boasts no big leaf,
Each of its canons fills a fig-leaf: *
Tho' used for purposes less decent †
In later times, yet not quite recent,
The fig-tree, aided by some stitches,
Made Adam's Books, as well as Breeches."‡

Baaras.—Sepulchral Lamp.

Vanquished thus far, my Rival's taper
Yields him a subject, still, to vapour.
When the warm winds have swept the snows
On Libănus a flowret blows,

* The ancients wrote on any leaves they found adapted to their purpose—hence the *leaf* of a book, alluding to that of a tree, seems to be derived.

† "Olim truncus ficulnus."—*Hor. Lib.* 1, *Sat.* viii.

‡ "And they made themselves breeches of fig-leaves."—*Old Translation.*

Invisible to human eye
While Day's broad glare usurps the sky,
But, 'neath the clouded cope of Night,
It pours a pure and playful light.
Even some grave Rabbins go so far as
To say, these phosphor plants, call'd *Baaras*,
Served, in times past, the dancing Devils
As "links" at their infernal revels.*

My quenchless lamp threw, when display'd,
His twinkling taper into shade;
'Twas the same light that chased the gloom
Within the long-forgotten tomb
Of Cicero's fair and favorite Daughter:†
And when some Curiosi sought her,

* Josephus, on the other hand, speaks of the efficacy of the plant Baaras in scaring away Dæmons, from the abhorrence in which it is held by them:

"They hate the light because their deeds are dark."

† Tullia. She died in the year 44 A. C. In the Pontificate of Paul III. her tomb is said to have been discovered, with

Burst on the senses of the seers,
Undimm'd thro' thrice five hundred years.
I hold, when Nature's course is run,
This lamp shall long survive the sun.

Miscellanea.

My Rival now produced Tobacco,
Got from *Park's sable guide, Isaaco.
But I, who some years since had been a
Pretended †Hadgi at Medina,
The magnet found, which—truce with scoffing—
Suspends in air the Prophet's coffin;

the words "*Tulliolæ Filiæ meæ*" inscribed thereon, and a lamp was found burning within it, which must have remained unextinguished during 15 centuries. Ferrari, in his work, *De Lucernis Sepulcralibus*, has taken the trouble of invalidating this story.

* Mungo Park.

† A Mussulman Pilgrim.

Then filch'd such fragments from the lump, as
Made a fit needle for my compass.
Directed by that loadstone peerless,
Wilds, wastes, and waves I've travers'd fearless.
Isaac ne'er journey'd half so far off,
As where I pluck'd my "sweet Cigar" off;
'Twas gather'd—while we chased the Tiger—
Just where the Nile becomes the Niger.

The Chase here introduced his Stud,
Unmatch'd in mettle, bone, and blood;
Horse-heralds would esteem as fable
The line of th' "Eclipse" of his stable;
He mounted quickly to its *head* degree,
Thro' all the various grades of pedigree,
Married Dams, Grand-dams, in batallions,
To History's most illustrious stallions,
Connecting, without one *hiatus*,
Bucephalus with **Incitatus;*

* Caligula's Horse. He was Consul "Presumptive" at the time of the Emperor's death.

Bravest of Barbs the first was reckon'd ;
Caligula bestrode the second,
And fed him—as the story 's told—
On grain bedipp'd in fluid gold :
Had th' Emp'ror lived a few weeks later,
This steed had been, at least Dictator.

Owning his "Horse Parade" was splendid,
I order'd forth, when he had ended,
—Child of the churn'd and yeasty wave—a
Foam-form'd courser, Ochisrava : *
My breed of Zebras came behind him ;
But the Wight's wonder quite confin'd him
To that most cherished of my cattle,
First in the field of chase or battle ;
Sure-footed Steed ! in measured march
He'll pass Al Sirat's† awful arch,

* The seven-headed horse of the Hindoo Mythology, produced, amongst other marvellous matters, by churning the ocean with the tail of the great serpent, Vasoky.

† A bridge, according to the Mahometans, whose arch spans the abyss of Hell ; its roadway is represented to be as narrow

Altho' its Hell-impending ledge
Is narrow as a sabre's edge:
While not an Emir lives could ken it,
'Twas "Alborak," the Prophet's Genet.
Sulking amidst the conflict's heat, he
Erst kick'd his Lord into a treaty,
Whereby, endued with soul immortal,
He'll pass of Paradise the portal,
And there, when this world's work is over,
Luxuriate on celestial clover.*

and sharp as the edge of a scymitar. Upon the last day it will constitute an ordeal on a great scale, as all must then attempt to traverse it—the good shall pass it without apprehension or accident, the wicked fall into the gulph.

* Mahomet attributed a considerable portion of his successes to the spirit, energy, and admirable instinct of Alborak, his favourite charger. This horse is believed to have been a Genet of the kind called by Pliny "*thieldones*," tellers or measurers of steps, and said by Justin to be the offspring of the Winds. The Arabian Commentators, amongst other extraordinary proofs of the sagacity of Alborak, relate that he refused on a vital emergency to proceed with his master, until he had extorted from his all-powerful intercession the gift of an indestructible soul, and enjoyments of eternal duration, befitting his taste and species. Some writers affirm that this concession was exacted at the

I rode this holy "Hack" some weeks ago,
E'en to the huge "*Ha Ha,*" near Mexico,
Which swaggering Dons swear, in bravado,
Was leap'd by Cornet Alvarado; *
(This is as impudent a lie as
Any exposed by Bernal Diaz:)
Then, tho' there's scarce a spot to fix feet,
And the dike measures thirty-six feet,

crisis of a decisive engagement; others suppose the steed to have taken advantage of the interesting moment when Mahomet, being summoned to heaven by the Angel Gabriel, was unable to avail himself of the invitation without the assistance of his horse.—Alborak was of "*the breed of the true runners, who, when they run, strike fire, and who confer prosperity even unto the Day of Judgment.*" So testifies the Prophet himself.

* In the disastrous retreat of Cortez from Mexico on the "*Noche triste,*" the Spanish standard was carried and almost miraculously preserved by Alvarado, who affirmed that he had passed at a leap the last aperture in the causeway, measuring upwards of thirty-two English feet. Bernal Diaz, one of his companions in arms, in his history of the conquest, expresses *reasonable* doubts of the possibility of the feat. Some have, however, endeavoured to reconcile it with truth, by supposing Alvarado to have availed himself of the assistance of the staff of the standard, which resembled that of the Labarum of the ancients, and might, therefore, have been used in the same way as the pole in the school-boy sport of "Hare and Hounds."

Cleared it—maintaining my renown, Sirs,
As undisputed PRINCE OF BOUNCERS.

The Tetragrammaton.—Denouement.

THE Contest ceased:—exhaustion bade
My Rival "*battre la chamade;*"
Then he who, vapouring, first despised me,
Submissively apostrophized me:
"Subdued, I 'strike'—but may I *starve* else
"(Man of monstrosities and marvels!)
"Thou hast been tutored in the *gamut,* on
"Which to pronounce the 'TETRAGAMMATON,'*

* A term adopted to express the Hebrew name of God, יהוה, "JEHOVAH."—"Whoever," say the Jewish writers, "can accurately enunciate this word shall possess the power of operating miracles to an unlimited extent." The Brahmins attribute similar virtues to the "ineffable mystic monosyllable"

" The NAME, that may not be express'd
" By tongues of the unchrism'd, unblest—
" If with true emphasis and tone,
" To the 'Initiate' only known,
" That Name from any Mortal's *lip* is sent,
" It makes him (*quoad* Earth) omnipotent.
" Then deign to say, wilt thou assuage
" My terrene purgatory's rage?—
" For know," exclaimed the *Inconnu*,
" I am th' accursed WANDERING JEW!"*

OM or AUM, if properly articulated. The Hermetic Masons comprize their grand mystery in the name " Jehovah," which is engraved on the stone brought by the Knights Templars from Palestine.

* The subject of this widely-extended tradition is supposed to have been prominent in offering indignities to the Redeemer on his way to Calvary, and to have been condemned to wander over the earth, until the " Second Coming," branded on the forehead with a fiery cross. Paul Eitsen, Bishop of Sleswick, asserts that he had a long conference with him; and many persons, at different and very distant periods, profess to have met him under the name of John Buttadeus.—Joannes de Temporibus, who is reported to have lived upwards of three centuries, might well have been mistaken for him.

He raised the Tephilim* that bound
His throbbing temples' tortured round—
A fire-proof frontlet, wove at Sestos,
Of incombustible Asbestos,
Beneath which, on the calcined bone,
A cross of glowing flame was shewn;
Insulted Heaven had, in its ire,
Set on his front its seal in fire.

Gas Antiphlogistic.

INSTANT I answer'd: "I *have* heard
"The TETRAGRAMMATON—dread word!
"Spoke by an ancient Dervise Seer,
"When late, upon their cycle year

* "Tephilim, frontlets worn by the Jews. They were also called Phylacteries; and the Pharisees were particularly ostentatious in the use of them, wearing considerably larger ones than the other Jews.

" Of congress, I was won to tarry
" With Flamel's patriarch *parti carré*;*
" Yea, I might utter it in such *way* as
" Would matter dislocate, and ' Chaos
" Should come again'—a milder balm
" And anodyne your pangs shall calm."
Forthwith, I minister relief
To the immortal child of grief—
This phial quickly quench'd the pain
That rack'd so long his burning brain.
The slightest sigh that scapes its seal
Would the best Blow-pipe's flame congeal!

* Paul Lucas affirms, that he met at Broussa four persons, in the garb of Dervises, who, with all the freshness of youth about them, had yet lived some hundreds of years. One of them, a man of profound and various learning, assured him that Nicholas Flamel, whose pretensions as an adept have been already alluded to, was still in being, and formed one of their party.—They were in the habit of assembling together every twentieth year, and Broussa was at that time their place of meeting. Of course, their longevity is to be attributed to the possession of the Elixir.

'Tis one of those hermetic glasses,
Filled with refrigerating gases,
That I, through space while on my *re*-turn,
Charged at the sunless "Belts of Saturn,"
Heaven's chilliest orb.—Whilst hurrying from it,
I chopp'd on the Newtonian Comet,
Which (credit philosophic fooling)
Would spend two thousand years in cooling;
To test th' hypothesis, I *give* out,
From my tube's valve, the gentlest *whiff* out;
It made that fiery mass as *dim* nigh
As clinkers from a glass-house chimney.

Del Volo,—Meteorology, &c.

Doubtless, each learned mechanic *man* has
Read of the Eagle that Montanus*

* Pietro Jacopo Martelli, an Italian Poet, has written a dialogue on Flying, entitled *Del Volo*.—The celebrated Re-

Made, as a mime of life, so true,
That, art-create, it fed, or flew
To any indicated region,
E'en as a cote-born carrier-pigeon.
Spreading those wide and wondrous wings,
Braced to my back by secret springs,
I late upsoar'd from th' Isle of Thanet,
Bound on a voyage to each Planet;
But, ere I'd reach'd the nearest star yet,
Met the "rapt Prophet," in his chariot;
Brushing all hypothetic *gloss* off, he
Solved some cramp problems in philosophy:
Each meteoric stone 's a cinder,
Thrown from the case that holds his tinder;
Your shooting stars are—without joking—
Sparks that he whiffs forth whilst he 's smoking.

giomontanus made an eagle, which, on the approach of the Emperor, flew a considerable distance to meet him, and returned to the city with him. "Let us," says Peter Ramus, "cease to wonder at the Dove of Archytas, for Nuremburg boasts an Eagle which soars on geometrical wings."

He said, that had he, in his gay days,
Allowed the mighty Archimedes
To stand awhile within his curricle,
He 'd wrought the great mechanic miracle
Of shifting Terra from her station,
And revolutionized Creation.*

Proofs of these items ye require,
Varlets! they 're true, or I'm a Liar.†

* An ingenious Modern has favoured the world with a practical essay on the *modus operandi*, and even indicated, by reference to diagrams, the proportions of a series of levers which Archimedes intended to have put into action to lift the Earth out of its orbit.

† This asseveration is borrowed from Mandeville, or some other of the "Early Voyagers." How tersely antithetical the proposition and the penalty!

The Zodiac.

Various Vagaries.

Eftsoons the "Prophet's" car was driven
Close by the winged steed of heaven,
I lightly rose, and nimbly sprung
Where Pegasus by Jove was hung;
Bestriding then his loins, I *rode* the hack
Right thro' the cycle of the Zodiac,
And played, *en passant*, eight or ten tricks
Amongst its denizen Eccentrics.
I found—like stags in time of rutting—
Aries with Capricornus butting,
Dashed their colliding skulls together,
Which apoplex'd both Goat and Wether.

Music, 'tis somewhere well express'd,
" Bends oaks and soothes the savage breast :"
Leo looked mischievously sturdy—
I calmed him with my hurdy-gurdy,
Snatched from Olympus' sacred summit,
Where Orpheus long had loved to thrum it;
And there, what ogling, cooing, billing,
Gavotting, waltzing, and quadrilling,
'Mongst Fauns and Nymphs, from grove and grotto,
Who crowded to his gay Ridotto.

I now, midst pastimes multifarious,
" Drew the long bow" with Sagittarius;
Nine times the monster's erring twang
Dismiss'd the arrow's wandering fang;
Of his vast object shooting wide,
(He aim'd each shaft at Taurus' side);
Sublimely *mal-adroit,* the Loon
Would miss a targe large as the Moon,

And might have rivalled in renown
Him who of old won Gallien's crown.*
Seizing th' indignant Bow, I drew
Th' impelling string that swayed the yew;
Brief time the dart was doom'd to linger—
Its swift shaft chafed my index-finger,
And, in the pit-pat of a pulse, I
Saw the barb'd point transfix the "*Bull's*-eye."

Devils or Demigods, I dare trim any"—
So challenged the gymnastic GEMINI;
And distanced, in successive heats,
The junior of the Twin Athletes;
Lowered the disdainful crest and tall looks
Of Jove's prime Horse-breaker, proud POLLUX.
To weigh, as each Newmarket-*man* does,
We hung the LIBRA near "the Stand-house":

* During the public games in the Amphitheatre, the Emperor Gallien, in a whimsical vein, conferred the crown upon an Archer who had the rare merit of exhausting his quiver with-

Toby the signal gave by tip o' drum,
And, whisk! we flew along the Hippodrome,
Heaven's highway for Cobs, Cabs, and Gingles,
Mac-Adamized with starry shingles.*

Shrill shrieks and frequent sobs assail
Mine ear—as 't were a woman's wail:
From its strait sheath my angry blade
Half leaped, to vindicate the maid;
The twinkling lights of ancient chivalry
Maintain with me such feeble rivalry,
As modern Sophs with Scotus Dun, †
Or Fire-flies with the quenchless Sun.
I sped, directed by the sound,
Saw VIRGO as a culprit bound,

out once wounding a huge ox, at which his arrows were discharged.

* The Via Lactea.

† He must have been a Caledonian, who sought to derive the epithet "Dunce" (*quasi Dunse*) from an ironical application of the name of this distinguished native of Scotia Major (Ireland.)

Whilst CASTOR, tho' a well-known wencher,
Worried THE WATERMAN to drench her;
The Bully swore, that, in the *lip* way,
She was the Zodiac's Xantippé,
Seizing each topic that gave handle
To that eaves-dropping fiend, called Scandal;
Nay, he, on th' oath of a Celestial,
Averr'd the Virgin was no Vestal;
Condemn'd her then, for *faux pas* various,
To thy scold's ducking-stool AQUARIUS.
When cowering Nymph or fierce Virago
Stands charged with sin, true Knight cries "Nego;"
I, as her champion and protector,
Soon rescued VIRGO from this Hector,
" Bade him defiance, stern and high,
And gave him in his throat the lie;"
Then, skilled in ev'ry walk of warring,
E'en to the *petite guerre* of sparring,
I threw the guantlet down to CASTOR;
One short round proved he'd met his Master:

A pat, the gentlest of my thumpings,
Dismiss'd a dozen of the gum-pins,
Wherewith he masticates his victuals—
So chits at nine-pins prostrate skittles:
The grinders thus lost, I suppose, he
Gave to some Dentist Virtuosi;
For, tho' the tale by fools be flouted,
They must have 'twixt his jaw-bones sprouted
Long ere th' unholy hordes of Saracens
Defiled Jerusalem with garrisons.
All babes, since born, of teeth are stinted
A third—'tis by grave Rigold hinted.*
Alas! that Nature, in her cheating,
Should fail to mar their taste for eating.
The next blow fell, like stroke of paving-
-Stone, on his skull—then Castor *gave* in.

* Rigold, Physician and Historiographer to Philip Augustus, King of France, asserts, in his work, "Gesta Phillipi Augusti Francorum Regis," that since the Turks became possessed of the Holy City, children have been stinted to 20 or 23

Earth had long dubb'd me Chief of Bibbers,
And Heaven now hail'd me "First of Fibbers."

If ignorant or sceptic, *you* can
Dip into Strabo, Pliny, Lucan,
They'll prove (tho' th' Ancients sometimes *will* lie)
There lives a Lybian tribe—the Psylli,
Who, strangely poison-proof, can gripe, or
Toy with the Rattle-snake or Viper; *
Nay, each invulnerable fellow
Fondles a *Cobra di Capello*,
And mimics, in its living folds,
The serpent-wand that Merc'ry holds;

teeth, instead of 30 or 32 with which they had been furnished prior to that period.

* Among the moderns, Hasselquist, Savary, and Bruce, have seen and described these "serpent charmers," of whom it is remarkable, that their secret has remained undiscovered through 2000 years. "I will not hesitate to aver," says Bruce, "that I have seen at Cairo a man take a Cerastes with his naked hand, tie it about his neck, like a necklace, after which, beginning with the tail, he ate it, as one would do a stock of celery, without any repugnance."

Then, deeming it no dish inept, he'll,
Like a mere radish, scranch the reptile.
I, who have used—unharm'd as those—
Whip-snakes as garters to my hose,
Garnished my insteps, too, on dress days,
With shoe-ties, each a quick Cerastes,
Seized (for a relish,) like a Harpy, on
The wakeful and malignant SCORPION.
The tenants of the Zodiac's ring,
Amazed, beheld him strike his sting
Right to his very vitals, *thro'* his hide—
For me he perpetrated suicide.*
While I, amidst applauses boisterous,
Pouch'd him, like shell-fish at an Oyster-house.

Sharp yearnings soon I felt for dinner—
'Tis held, that exercise, or *thin* air

* *Felo de se* is not altogether confined to the human animal. "When all the blandishments of life are gone," the Scorpion is said occasionally to give to the act the sanction of his example.

In regions elevate, produces
Strange wamblings 'midst the gastric juices:
Not soldier, plund'ring for his ration
La Trappe's pinch'd Cenobites in Passion-
-Week, could meet scene more discouraging,
Than are the Zodiac's fields for foraging;
The starvelings, in its circle pent,
Seem damn'd to a perennial Lent.
Leave lean Astronomy her twelve signs,
I love your fat Inn-*keeping* Elves' Signs.
Toby, whose feats (they claim some stanzas)
Ralpho's eclipse, or Sancho Panza's,
Stout Squire! the most adroit of Butlers,
Most "cunning" Cook, and pink of Sutlers,
Seized on the PISCES—they were *fat* fish,
Black Soles, or some such sort of flat-fish;
Firm and well-flavoured, fresh and viscous,
He fried them on the DOG-STAR'S *discus;*
And then he e'en contrived to nab sauce,
Converting CANCER into Crab-sauce.

Kepler.—Solar Maculæ.—The Pole.

THE Signs despatch'd, I turned sunward
The wing'd Steed's head, and gallopp'd onward.
Nom ore each stupid System-monger
Shall do sage Kepler's memory wrong, or
Supplant the scientific *troth* he says
By false, tho' common-place, hypotheses.*
'Twas his to gauge, define, and trace,
The orbed occupants of space,
And demonstrate the shoreless sky
As a true Ocean hung on high,
Thro' whose etherial tides so deep
The Planets in fixed orbits sweep;
Not, as your later seers assert,
Dark masses, pulseless and inert,

* "Kepler supposed the planets to be huge animals, who swam round the Sun by means of fins, acting on the ethereal fluid as those of fishes do upon water."

But piscatory creatures, rife
In every attribute of life,
With oary fins and rudder tails,
Plied at their poles, they swim as whales,
(Star-fish Leviathans!) in play
Around the glowing lamp of day,
Like fascinated fish, trepann'd
By the night-Poacher's blazing brand.
Strange rumours had just then begun
To spread, of "spots upon the Sun;"
Whilst cleaving through the upper sky,
I mark'd a "*cat'ract*" on Sol's eye;
Dreading disease might quench the sight
Whence emanates the System's light,*
All reckless of fatigue or distance,
I hastened to afford assistance,

* Roger Bacon, as well as the Stoics and Platonists, supposed that rays of light were emitted from the eye, and deduced his opinion, amongst other reasons, from the fact, that certain animals possess the power of seeing in the dark.

And, with unequalled skill and labour,
"*Couch'd*" the great Patient with my Sabre.

Return'd to Earth—I stepp'd from Finland,
Across the ice, and found "lost Greenland,"
An Arctic over-ground Pompeii
Seemed its chief city:—by the *way*, I
Saw in its haven, streets, and houses,
The last Whale-killers and their spouses,
At meals, or in the sledge or skiff—
As their own stock-fish frozen stiff,
Like Pagod things, in rice-emboss'd work,
Or groupes on Twelfth-night-cakes, in frost-work,
Or "Lot's wife done in salt"—a wag might
Call each an animal Stalagmite.
Clearing the Icebergs at a jump,
I reach'd the long-sought Polar stump,
And with my sword's well-temper'd point,
Upon its last and largest joint,
(Which seem'd, indeed, for alt'-relief meant)
Carved my Crest, Motto, and Achievement;

The Crest—I hate heraldic loading—
Is a plain Thunder-bolt exploding;
A Skull, of nose-bridge reft, and chin-bones,
Forcep'd 'twixt a *saltier* of shin-bones,
(Modell'd from fossil Man—I guess'd his
Age—he was *Diluvii testis*,
Found midst anomalous exuviæ,
Unknown to Scheuchzer or to Cuvier,*)
Singly and simply fills the field
Of my broad unpretending shield;
In proper hands the pregnant motto,
Sealed and concealed, shall rest *in petto*,
Till Parry, o'er Ice "floes" and "packs," will
Affect t' have reached the Polar axle;
Then shall the sacred seal be broken,
And truth developed by the token.

* The *Homo Diluvii testis* of Scheuchzer, deposited at Haerlem, is referred by Cuvier to the genus *Proteus*. That the specimen used by Thaumaturgus as a model, was truly a "fossil man will not be doubted: he has "studied humanity" too deeply to err.

My Faulchion.—The Catastrophe.

Thou boldest of the Christian Leaders,
Thou Lodestar of the crazed Crusaders,
Puissant Knight, Turk-slaught'ring Godfrey!
Who slew'st ten thousand—Chiefs and *odd* fry—
A Soldan barr'd thy path at Ascalon: *
His giant strength impell'd the Rascal on—
For, at the least, he stood as *high* as
David's thrasonical Golias,
Whilst a mail suit of hammer'd steel
Cased his huge frame from head to heel;
One stroke of thy resistless war-axe
Cleft the Turk's morion, skull, and thorax;
Then, as a huxter's knife cuts *dry* cheese,
Severed in twain the "os coccygis"—

* Thaumaturgus, for the sake of the rhyme, which is peculiarly felicitous, has taken a pardonable liberty with topography here. It was *not* at Ascalon that the Crusader King of Jerulem, on the person of the Turkish Captain, literally reduced to practice, with his battle-axe, the maxim "*Divide* et impera."

Nor stayed the deep disruption, till it
Split him, as woodman splits a billet;
And, reeking with his smoking raddle,
Gash'd his scared barb e'en thro' the saddle.
The Sabre from my loins dependant,
I wrung from Godfrey's true descendant;
'Tis fairly framed, thro' half its length,
From that famed axe of proven strength;
The edge, which prudent men in *awe* shun,
Was forged from mad Orlando's fauchion.
Once thro' a Pagan's neck* it glided,
But then, so dext'rously divided

* The Poet says, that the upper and lower man were divided by the stroke, and almost appears to attach to Durindana the powers of the spear of Telephus, which could heal as well as wound.

"So keen the edge of this enchanted steel,
The stroke its lord had given, it seemed to heal,
Nor did the wretch who met it scarce the anguish feel."

"Thus, when Orlando, ranging o'er the plain,
Hath at one blow his foeman cut in twain,
The path his sword had made so nicely closed,
That on *one* half the *other* still reposed,
And as, while rage inflates each tumid vein,
The ardent warrior knows no sense of pain,
Still did the Pagan deal his blows around,
Nor, till he fell asunder, knew the deadly wound."

That isthmus 'twixt the trunk and head,
The fool forgot that he was dead ;
Whene'er men's midriffs felt its gaff in-
-Fixed, their gay ghosts flitted laughing.*
And, as Orlando's sword of flame
Rejoiced in a resounding name,
(The Knight baptized it DURINDANA,)
Whilst the euphonious "style" SAMSANAH,
In filigrane of gold, damask-ed
The redolent sabre of Al Raschid, †

* Those wounded in the diaphragm were supposed to die in convulsions of laughter.

† The sword of the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid, was named Samsanah. The Emperor Nicephorus having sent him a present of twenty fine sabres, he, with as many strokes of this famous faulchion, cut through them all, as if they had been so many radishes.—"The strange affectation of giving names to swords was common: Joyosa is the name of Charlemain's sword in Aspramonte; Chrysoar is the name of Arthegal's sword in Spenser; Caliburn of King Arthur's, in the Romance of that name; Ascalon of St. George's, in the Seven Champions; Tranchera of Agrican's, in Boyardo; and in Ariosto, besides Fusberta, we have Rogero's Balisarda, and Orlando's Durindana."—*Hoole*. Certain sword-cutlers of Damascus, in the middle ages, are supposed to have possessed a secret art of imparting to their blades a delicate and permanent fragrance.

I dubb'd my blade, with true congruity,
SOLUTION OF ALL CONTINUITY!

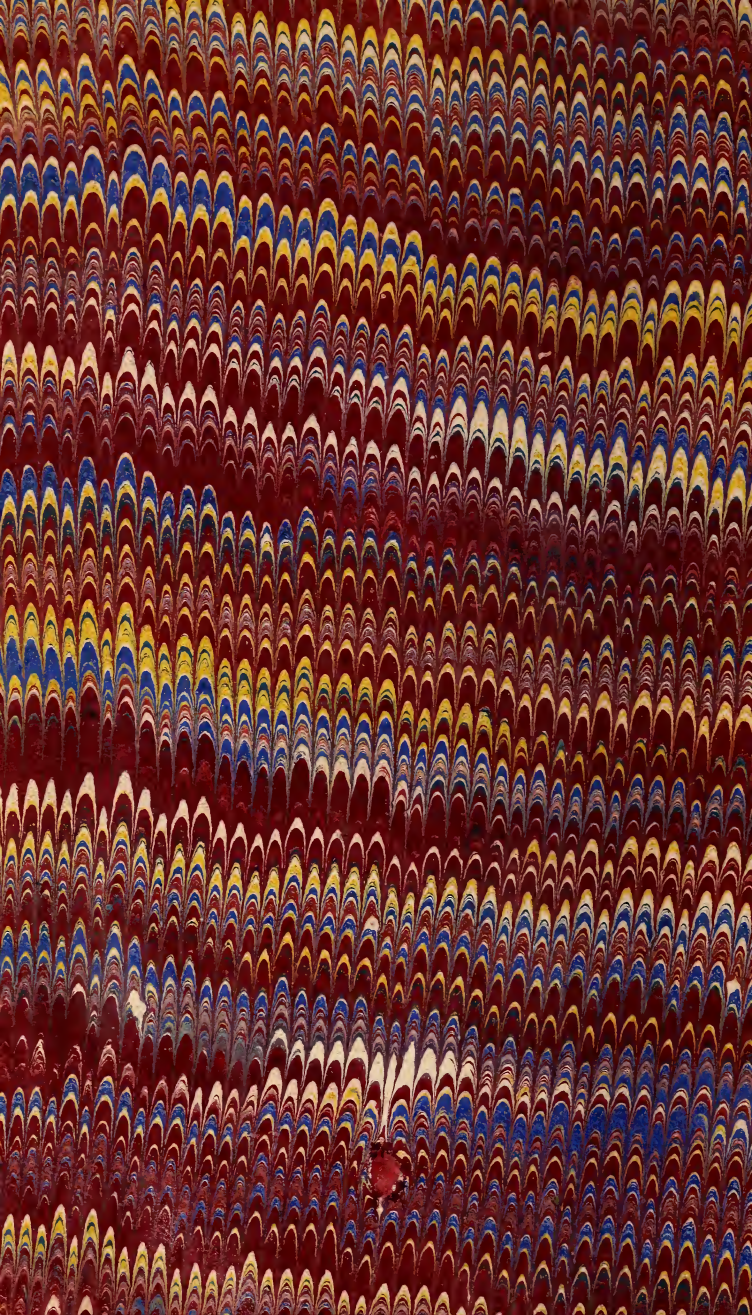
Anon! in memory of th' event,
I raised a mountain-monument:
Crowning Columbia's Cordilleras
With peaks from th' Himala Sierras—
The point 's my "PATMOS," there my hut is,
The monolythic fane of Buttis.*
And when the sphere-convulsing sound
Shall, peal on peal, thro' Heaven's profound
Speak the avenging thunders hurl'd,
Foredoomed to desolate the world,
There, on my Tripod, o'er the pyre,
While the last Pine-woods† sink in fire,

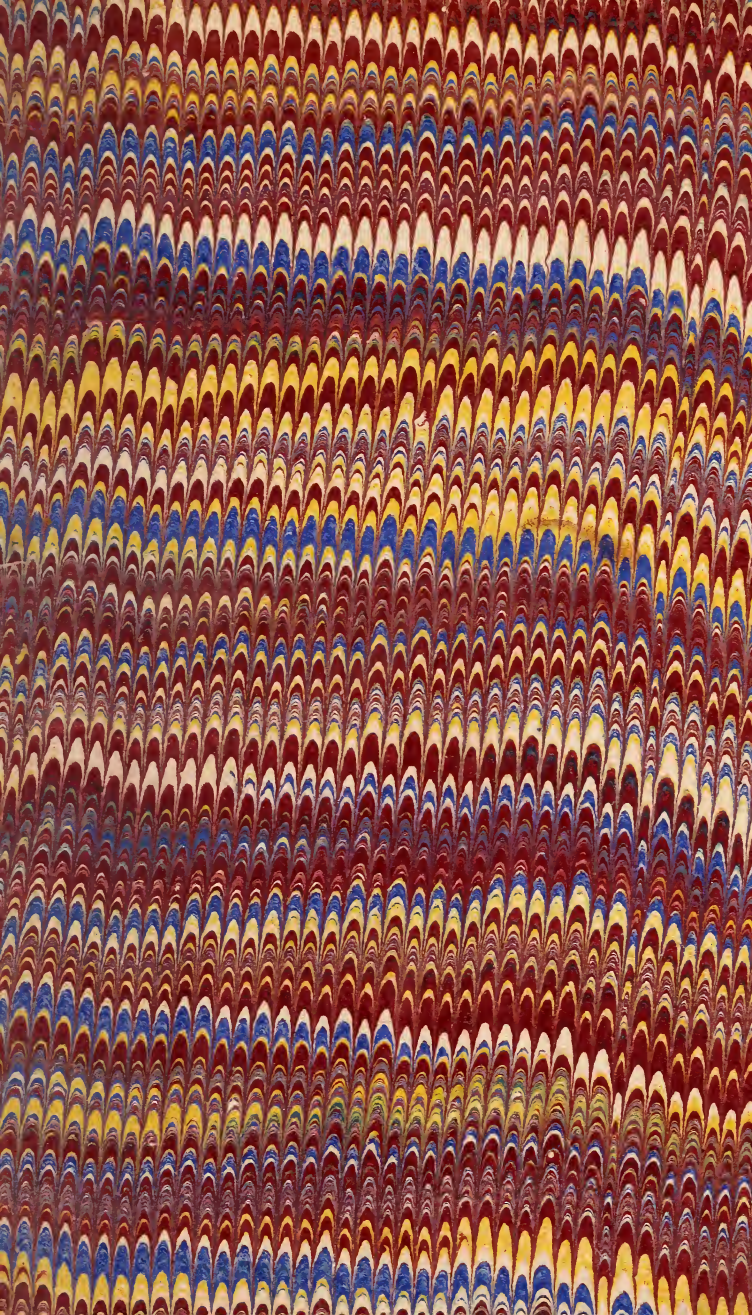
* The monolythic Chapel of Latona at Buttis measured forty cubits in every dimension: It was covered by another single stone, forty cubits square and four thick. This enormous load was transported on rafts from the Island of Philöe to Buttis, a distance of two hundred leagues, and was, beyond all doubt, the greatest weight ever moved by the power of man.

† The Mountain Pines, flourishing at an elevation of 14,000 feet above the level of the ocean, will, of course, furnish the crowning billets of "Nature's funeral Pile."

Last lightnings scathe, last earthquakes rive,
Last of the Living! I'll survive.
And, while volcanic airs I breathe,
Gasped from the glowing gulphs beneath,
When Earth's brief agony shall cease,
I'll seize, to light my "Pipe of Peace,"
(Red relic of the Consummation!)
The "CAPUT MORTUUM" of Creation.
And thus—VAIN VARLETS! dare ye ape us?—
Reduce PLUS ULTRA to a NE PLUS!

End of the Fit.





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 492 499 A